

Lloyd Axworthy  
Western voices

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MARCH 10, 1980 / \$1.00

# SQUEEZING THE



# MIDDLE CLASS



0

10



## INTRODUCING THE CONVERTIBLE WITH VERY LITTLE OVERHEAD.

One of the top cars of our time is now available without a top. The new VW Rabbit Convertible. So now, the free spirit of top-down driving is combined with the good sense of owning a Volkswagen. And while a tank of regular gas lasts and lasts, you don't sacrifice performance for economy.

A 1.6 litre engine powers the Rabbit Convertible from 0 to 80 km/h in a mere 9.2 seconds. So when you want the wind in your hair, you get the wind in your hair. And, that's not all you get. Because what's standard equipment on the Rabbit Convertible is far from ordinary.

There's a 5-speed manual transmission, sports console tachometer, and an electric defroster for the rear window. A rear window that's real glass. There's enough room to keep

four adventurous adults happy, a push button AM/FM stereo with cassette, fully reclining front bucket seats, even a quartz clock should anyone ever care what time it is. All standard on the Rabbit Convertible. What's also attractive about this top-down Rabbit is what happens inside when the top is up. It's warm and snug thanks to the multi-layered, draftproof top. The integrated padded roll bar aside from providing safety, ensures a smooth, tight fit for the top.

One more thing. The top goes up as easily as it comes down. The place to find out all about the new Rabbit Convertible is, of course, your Volkswagen Dealer. Pick a sunny day and take a test drive. You'll quickly find out what we mean when we say "getting there is more fun than being there."

**THE VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT**  
DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS.



MARCH 10, 1980

VOL. 83 NO. 10



### Monkey business

The ruble D. D. Wills is will make her first debut at Cannes in May in *Tanya's Talent*—the story of a tropical island between a man, a woman and a monkey in the middle. **Page 27**

### Riding again

Lloyd Kawority has always pursued politics with an implacable single-mindedness. To friends he's an enigma, and in Manitoba Liberal circles he is known as the *Asakobak*. **Page 18**



### COVER STORY

#### Squeezing the middle class

The 40 per cent of Canada's population classified as middle class have household incomes between \$12,000 and \$26,000 a year. So can it be so concerned hardly feel such people a traditional expression of a house, a car—generally comfortable ways—are extremely elusive. In a special Maclean's report, *Senior Walter Van Rossum* examines the perils of being neither rich nor poor. **Page 48**

### Reagan broadsides Bush

The morning after the New Hampshire primary everyone asked: What happened? Ronald Reagan scored a big win and is going strong into Carter's grip. **Page 22**

### Where no ship had gone

Klonk's Canada's newest icebreaker is suffering its way through on edges up to 60 feet thick off the west Arctic coast, saving the crews that struggle for oil and gas. **Page 32**



### CONTENTS

Editorial	3	World	3
Backstage: Ottawa	4	Canada's embassy says NATO checks for holes: Israel and Egypt swap ambassadors	26
Q & A: Ellen Barkin	5	UN Commission is true	26
Podium: Murray Thomson	6	U.S.A.	31
Tomorrow	10	Jacob Javits plays it again: the men who would run the world?	31
Market's little helper	12	People	36
Profile: Fred Bremner	12	Trent Frayne/Colum	38
Letters	16	Business	40
Canada	18	Rubenstein's government spending: Teds	40

for Arctic exploration, largely below racism in Newfoundland. Duffy sheds a tear	26	success: jewelry for export vacations by the slice	43
Coastline embassy says NATO checks for holes: Israel and Egypt swap ambassadors	26	Big Brother gets bigger	43
UN Commission is true	26	Health	44
U.S.A.	31	Shocking smoking, showing gumption and assessing the jaw	44
Jacob Javits plays it again: the men who would run the world?	31	Cover Story	48
People	36	Barbara Amiel/Colum	54
Trent Frayne/Colum	38	Film	55
Business	40	Geary Spack: the perennial wall grows up on Alou/Morin's Daughter	55
Rubenstein's government spending: Teds	40	Alan Fotheringham/Colum	60

MACLEAN'S established 1960, is published and printed weekly by Maclean's News Limited, 485 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont. M5G 1S1. Maclean's office: 888 Progress Avenue, Toronto, Ont. M5G 1S1. Telephone: (416) 593-1234. Fax: (416) 593-1235. Circulation: 100,000 copies per week. Registered for GST. GST #R123012345. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to MACLEAN'S, P.O. Box 100, Station A, Toronto, Ont. M5G 1S1. Second-class postage paid at Toronto, Ont. and at additional mailing offices. POSTNET Canada: 1 year \$12.95 (U.S. \$14.95). 6 months \$6.95 (U.S. \$8.95). Single copies 35¢ (U.S. 45¢). Subscription rates include delivery outside Canada. Delivery outside Canada: 1 year \$19.95 (U.S. \$24.95). 6 months \$9.95 (U.S. \$12.95). Single copies 50¢ (U.S. 60¢). POSTNET Canada: 1 year \$12.95 (U.S. \$14.95). 6 months \$6.95 (U.S. \$8.95). Single copies 35¢ (U.S. 45¢). Subscription rates include delivery outside Canada. Delivery outside Canada: 1 year \$19.95 (U.S. \$24.95). 6 months \$9.95 (U.S. \$12.95). Single copies 50¢ (U.S. 60¢). POSTNET Canada: 1 year \$12.95 (U.S. \$14.95). 6 months \$6.95 (U.S. \$8.95). Single copies 35¢ (U.S. 45¢). Subscription rates include delivery outside Canada. Delivery outside Canada: 1 year \$19.95 (U.S. \$24.95). 6 months \$9.95 (U.S. \$12.95). Single copies 50¢ (U.S. 60¢).



# HOME-COMING 1990



**This is the year  
to come to Alberta!**

1990 is Alberta's 75th anniversary and you are invited to join in! Come for the special events, the festivals, the pageantry. Come for the fun of it. Alberta's special year can be yours as well. Write for more information to:

Homecoming 1990  
Travel Alberta, Box 1980,  
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 4B6.

Please send me your Homecoming 1990 information package Days 201

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/Town \_\_\_\_\_

Province \_\_\_\_\_

Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

**Travel Alberta**  
CANADA 9-1-1

## Editorial

# He won on Canada's trust —will he keep the faith?



By Peter C. Newman

**A**s a more or less freshly minted administration assumes power in Ottawa, blessed by that feeling of renewal and excitement that accompanies every new government into office, it's a good time to pause and reflect on exactly what the changeover really means. The rhythm of Canadian politics is hardly likely to be altered, as it is in most transitions of power. In retrospect, the Clark stewardship appears to have been exactly the kind of temporary aberration that Liberal partisans have always believed to be the delicious fate of anyone brave enough to challenge their divine right to rule.

Riding the Liberal campaign plane, it was possible to sense the itch for power among Trudeau's handlers. It was less easy to detect any sense of priority among them, any urgent desire to resolve the many complex issues that had bedeviled them only nine months earlier and had continued to plague Joe Clark's brief tenure.

Yet as the new ministers move into their offices and sweep out the debris left behind by Conservative paper-shredding machines, it may be appropriate to remind them what that magnificent mandate they received on Feb. 15 was really all about.

More so than after any previous campaign in Cana-

dian history, the election result reflected an astonishing sense of trust by the voters. Having decided to support a leader who refused to commit himself to any specific policies, the 4.7 million Canadians who cast Liberal ballots were actually signalling that in this country's restless search for leadership they felt Trudeau was the best man.

That broad pledge of hope and loyalty will not be an easy burden for the re-elected prime minister to bear. We'll all be in trouble if Pierre Trudeau continues to operate out of Ottawa like a stranger in town who regards the business of government as an intellectual tumbling exercise.

What Canada needs right now is a sense of direction, a heavy dose of fiscal responsibility and an early agreement on energy pricing. With the Quebec referendum only about a dozen weeks away, Parliament must demonstrate its ability to resolve those many troubling national concerns that will make Quebec's voters realize this country is worth hanging on to.

Because he moves into office without any of the usual debts and obligations that weigh down most incoming heads of government, Pierre Trudeau has a unique opportunity: he can redress his dismal legislative performance of the past decade by beginning to govern in a way that will justify our trust.

## Maclean's

MARCH 10, 1990

Editor  
Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor  
John W. H. Maclean

Executive Managing Editor  
Alan Wilson

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Editor  
Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor  
John W. H. Maclean

Executive Managing Editor  
Alan Wilson

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

Senior Editor  
Gordon F. Lee

## Face-lifting the electoral map

By Susan Riley

**W**omen, the poor, the politically powerless—or any of the country's chronically underrepresented minorities—would have been amused by the parlor on Parliament Hill last week. All the talk was of the sudden attention of the West, the danger that governments are no longer representative of all the people. But did they even imagine it was? Did they imagine most Canadians were Becham buttons in the lapels of their blue jackets and keep their hair that short and tidy? Are there really so many grey-headed people in Canada, so few women? Is this a nation made up exclusively of doctors, lawyers, Sunday golfers and gourmands peddling? Of course not. But apart from all that, the recent election—with its more dramatic distribution of seats in the West, and the accelerated disappearance of the Tories in Quebec—does raise serious new questions about the fairness of the parliamentary system. It's a debatable point, but conventional wisdom says that if the representation of political parties isn't stopped at once, Confederation could snap like a poppet's stick.

This fear has spurred two of Parliament's more liberalized thinkers—NDP leader Ed Broadbent and Liberal MP Jean-Luc Poirier—into some active, behind-the-scenes lobbying for the introduction of some form of proportional representation to the Canadian political system. The idea is so interesting, the potential for opening the political process to all kinds of minorities is great, that it is unlikely it will ever survive the dust-dusting scrutiny of a parliamentary committee, much less be introduced this session as Broadbent proposes. It is simply too revolutionary.

Under both the Poirier and Broadbent schemes, 50 or 60 seats would be added to the 282-seat Commons and distributed among political parties after every election according to their popular vote. It would mean, under Poirier's formula, for example, that the Liberals, instead of being totally shut out west of Winnipeg, would have nine seats in B.C., six in Alberta, three in Saskatchewan and two in Manitoba (the Liberals did win almost 25 per cent of the popular vote out West). The Tories would get 10 seats in Quebec instead of one, and the SFU, which failed to win one seat in the five eastern provinces, would get three in Quebec and one in Nova Scotia. That would give the three major parties a national base to build upon and, more importantly, it would more accurately reflect the will of the people. And even with the addition of 60 seats to the present 110—the Liberals would still have their majority.

But there is an enormous practical and political obstacle: proportional representation creates two types of MP. While ordinary MPs are sitting the throne, spending their own time and money to get elected, the PR seats would be given to glamour candidates handpicked by provincial party organizations and the party leader. Their names would go on

lists published before election day, and afterward they would be handed a seat to represent underrepresentation in their province or region. It is easy to imagine a John Turner, for instance, leading the Liberals' Ontario list—and making nothing, spending nothing—being swept directly into cabinet, beholden to no one but the people who put his name there on the first place the party hierarchy and the leader. And what about the legitimate resentment of the ordinary MP who has to handle calls and complaints from up to 100,000 constituents, handle cabinet or committee duties? But supporters of PR—such as everyone's expert-in-all, Professor William Irvine of Queen's University in Kingston—say there already is a sane system in Parliament: cabinet ministers, parliamentary secretaries, opposition and government backbenchers.

Still, former Tory House leader Walter Baker remains unconvinced, and so does his boss, Joe Clark, who trashed the PR idea last week. Baker points to a sobering reality: the ordinary MP already has very little say in the direction of government. Decisions are made by the prime minister, a cottage of advisers, and a few powerful cabinet ministers. Baker says rather than introducing a new class corps of MPs, Parliament should concentrate on giving existing members more power. Baker also says: "I don't think we should change our electoral system just to accommodate Pierre Trudeau's inadequacies." This argument holds, it would seem, that a strong Anglo-Liberal leader and a powerful French-speaking Tory leader could reverse the drift toward federalism. But Irvine is doubtful. "Once the glamour boy fades, the old patterns are re-established." It takes time and troops on the ground to build strength in a region—not a one-shot political act.

Another common argument says proportional representation leads inevitably to minority governments, with the moderate centre held in ransom by extreme parties. "You might get one Rhinoceros in a 240-member House, that's not a terribly heavy cost," says Irvine. As evidence, you might also get a feminist, a Marxist-Leninist, a Socialist or, worse, a member of the National Party—a chorus of voices now totally excluded from Parliament.

It was last November that Pierre Trudeau mused that some form of proportional representation "may save Canada." His colleague, Poirier, has a modest proposal: the establishment of a committee composed of former parliamentarians Mitchell Sharp, David Lewis and Robert Restford to study the subject. If Poirier gets Trudeau's support, proportional representation could become the president's prerogative on Parliament Hill. The unfortunate thing is that it will probably be discussed to death.

Susan Riley is a Montreal-based columnist in Ottawa.



# 25% Off Weekends

## At Holiday Inn, we'll give you a pleasing break on the cost of a weekend away from home.



*"Everytime we've come here, your daddy has saved one-quarter of the apples and, because this weekend is our fourth visit, he's already saved up all the apples he's going to need to pay for our room."*

**A**t Holiday Inn hotels across Canada are offering a special weekend price—25% off the regular room rate for a minimum stay of two nights.\* The Holiday Inn Weekend Special, luxury accommodation at a reduced price. With absolutely no reduction in the

standards for which Holiday Inn is world-famous. Like big bright rooms, colour TV, extra-long double beds, free guest parking, pools and saunas, baby-sitting service, "Icans Free" family plan, coffee shops, fine restaurants and a wide range of entertainment facilities. Enjoy a pleasing weekend break.

**F**or reservations, call, toll-free: In B.C. and Alta., 1-(800)-268-8811; in Sask., Man., Ont., P.Q., and Maritimes, 1-(800)-268-8980; in Toronto, 486-6400; in Montreal, 878-4321; your nearest Holiday Inn or your travel agent.

# Holiday Inn®

## Number one in people pleasing.

\*Price reservations required. Weekend Special must be requested. Subject to availability. Available Fri., Sat. and Sun. until June 15/80 incl. Excludes all properties from Dec. 15/79-April 6/80, special events, groups and conventions.

# Discipline on the rocks



The skaters' parents read BURKA'S LETTER to SKATE'S ROY, but down on the ice Ellen Burka establishes during her own hands and hinders of Canada's elite corps of amateur skaters as no more incoherent distraction can do. "Penny it fresh it," commands the net from coach, an erstwhile figure skater skidding to quit and who after an unimpressive gold. Mrs. B demands the most: add the stars of her pupils, and will go to almost any length to get them. She is irascible, and after 36 years' coaching experience, as trainer of nine Canadian champions. Fodor from show as well as her world-champion daughter, Petra Burka, as coach of the top three finalists in the senior ladies category at the Canadian Championships in January and as someone who has "had a hand in" inspiring fully half the competitors at the year's latest singles event, Burka is not creating other Canadian figure skaters. On the eve of the World Figure Skating Championships which begin in Dortmund, West Germany, our next five issue writer skates: Chris spoke to Burka for Maclean's.

Maclean's: Canadian skaters have earned fewer medals from recent world figure skating championships. Why

Burka with former pupil Christine "Swish B"

**"My training of top skaters demands total obedience"**

hasn't Canada produced any winners in the past five years?  
Burka: But we do have top skaters. We have some supreme skaters who place 13th to 14th in world competition—that's about the Canadian spot. An elite, not French skater, say, that comes into the world championship is immediately



seventh or eighth. In other words we have the skaters, but there's something wrong with the system that our skaters aren't placing above the 13th spot. We can't rely on talent alone. There's just not enough pressure done for our skaters.

Maclean's: How can we remove this handicap?

Burka: Well, first of all, the Canadian judges should be triennial. I don't think our people should go to international competitions not being able to speak French and German. Our judges attend the world championships and in their first time they go shopping in the village or sking in the mountains and never talk to anyone, whereas the Russians and Aussies representatives all know each other, they sit together and discuss their skaters. It makes a big difference to their perception of things. The judges and our representative in the International Skating Union should be colorful and well-spoken ambassadors for Canada. The judges we presently send out are often there for the first time and don't dare to give their opinions. I will give you one example of what I mean. Gordon Forbes. He's not my skater, he didn't come first, but if Gordon Forbes should represent Germany or Holland or any country in Europe, he would be in the top five. Send him to the World's now for Canada and he'll be 13th to 14th and that says everything.

Maclean's: Do our competitors train hard enough nowadays?

Burka: I think the past five years have been a very bad time, and still we have top skaters. But I notice a lot of apologetic attitudes. It has something to do with the environment—both have too much ice, parents are too permissive. Children can stay out of school day after day and if they can't get their way, they

won't even skate. Also there's a lack of respect for the coach's point of view. I mean, I have to face my training program onto them. They talk back. I'm stronger than they are, but how hard it is as we these days to draw out their talents. My training of top skaters demands total obedience and if I don't get that, I drop them.

Maclean's: You have so many top skaters, all demanding interesting and imaginative free-skating choreography. Do you ever have sleepless nights trying to invent new routines?

Burka: Never. When I see my skaters skate and analyze their personalities, I hear music and I see the program in my mind. I am a trained ballet dancer and was a pianist before I started to coach, so I have varied resources to draw from.

Maclean's: Is it a good idea to have our best competitors juggling university and other school attendance with their skating commitments?

Burka: It was the first thing I told Heather Kinsman (1986 Ladies Champion) when we sat down in the spring to plan her comeback. You go to school, I need, and keep your mind occupied. I think this is the only way: college gives you an option after the skating ends. You'll find that all the top skaters have succeeded in a second profession after their competitive years are past. By itself, skating dulls the mind. We have too many skating vegetables who do nothing besides skate, and by the time they're 21 they're so dumb that they can't even skate anymore.

Maclean's: What's your answer to apologetic skaters who can't afford a first-class training program?

Burka: If you're a top talent, even if your parents have to go into debt to support you, it should be done. You don't lose any money on skating. The moment your competitive career is over, you stop on the ice and make your money back. I don't believe in the nonsense of not having enough money.

Maclean's: What changes in competitive skating would you like to see implemented?

Burka: Figure skating is a sport and an art. The media treat it like a creative art, but the sport demands athleticism—triple jumps, quadruple ones and advanced technical skills. With all these difficult requirements the creative possibilities are limited. Ideally, the free-skating program is competitive should be shorter, with more colorful programs added. There could be five or six competitors a year and so many "show" skaters, so that if the skater were in a worse mood, he or she could do their routine program, or if they wanted to show their silver number, they could do that. There'd be more chore, it would be a creative adventure, a ballet performance. ☐

## FLAVOURS ARE LIKE MEMORIES. YOU NEVER FORGET THE GOOD ONES.

**Swiss Chocolate Almond Liqueur**

From Hiram Walker  
The legendary Swiss liqueur.

For the drink, and other exclusive food and drink recipes visit us  
Swiss Chocolate Almond, P.O. Box 757, St. John's, Newfoundland, A1B 2X1.

# The issue is annihilation

By Murray Thomson

For most parents, we're helping our 39-year-old, Sheila, prepare for the future. French immersion classes by day, ballet and piano lessons each week, and a fair share of parental love and concern. Is anything missing? Just one—a decent chance for her to live beyond her teens. We're not providing that. Though no fault of hers the odds are being stacked against her and millions of similar kids. The process began 35 years ago and has been generously nurtured with public funds. Now we watch it proliferate with increasing acuity.

If present trends continue, millions of tons of nuclear weapons will saturate the entire atmosphere of the world, including Ottawa where we live. What is not being faced are the consequences of such a disaster. How many parents can be said to imagine a war that will destroy our cities, kill several million Canadians and leave many others blinded, burned and weakened from radiation sickness? Nuclear war will be like no previous war, but convulsive and final rending of human flesh and spirit, as yet of global scale. And the storm signals are flying high. Canada's former ministers of defence and external affairs have warned that the Afghanistan crisis could bring on the Third World War, one that could quickly turn nuclear. The *January*, 1986, issue of the respected *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* noted the doomsday clock on its cover forward to seven minutes before midnight, and time given to press editor Bernard Feld has said it should have added at two minutes shorter. The doomsday clock acts as a symbolic reminder of the scientific consensus. The minute hand, never far from midnight, has moved nine times since the founding of the magazine at the end of the Second World War. In 1964, because of the development of the hydrogen bomb by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., it stood nine minutes to midnight.

Who's to blame? The superpowers? Of course. Soviet troops, tanks and helicopter gunships have no business being in Afghanistan, just as American troops, tanks and helicopter gunships have no business being in Vietnam. The superpowers must be held responsible for continually escalating both the numbers and intensity of their nuclear arsenals. They are behaving as the *Bulletin's* editor puts it, as "unreliable"—and drinks enough wine to do it a new way for us more read.

But Canada and other countries also contribute to this deadly weapon. It's not simply that our uranium is used for making weapons. Or that we are partners in a military alliance that relies on nuclear deterrence. (Is plainier to think, our willingness to participate, if necessary, in the policy of nuclear war.) It is also that there are those on both sides of every international conflict who seem to welcome an increase in tensions. The Montreal Gazette recently quoted a market analyst as saying "Some people were ex-

posed about the possibility of war and the losses it would give to the flagrant economy."

And what, finally, are we talking about when we speak of war in the '80s? Sir John Hackett, author of a current best seller (*The Third World War*, August 1985), describes what our nuclear warhead could do to Birmingham, England. "Within a fraction of a second the resulting fireball, with waves whose approaching those of the sun, was over 2,000 metres in diameter. . . . The roar of the explosion was stupendous, lasting from 30 to 15 seconds. . . . The enormous mushroom cloud above the totally devastated centre of Birmingham cast its shadow over a scene of extraordinary destruction."

Within a radius of five kilometres everything seemed to be on fire. . . . The human casualties were horrible. . . . Of this population (of two million) approximately 300,000 were killed within minutes by the heat and blast effects. A further 200,000 received blast or burn injuries of a very serious nature, or need of urgent hospital treatment. Half the hospitals in the area were either destroyed or rendered totally unusable by the explosion.

Sheila and her generation, however, will not, thank us for simply pointing out the insanity of the drift to annihilation; war must be prevented. "If we don't solve this world problem, the rest don't matter," says the *January* editorial of the United Church Observer. And neither war can be prevented if enough people give it the attention it deserves. The task is enormous and full of peril. No single formula exists. As a start, we should encourage our government to keep its political cool and not overreact to current crises. The government should also persevere with the Canadian proposal.

Let's not forward to the 1978 United Nations Special Session on Disarmament. The "Strategy of Suffocation" calls for a cutoff of weapons-grade fissionable materials, a world ban on testing nuclear weapons and their delivery vehicles, and a progressive reduction of funding for new nuclear weapons. The Canadian government should also act on the United Nations secretary general's request to all countries to spend 1 per cent of their national defence budgets for disarmament efforts.

Canadians need to question the ancient belief that "If you want peace, prepare for war." It did not prevent the fall of Rome, where it originated. The modern world creates 2,500 times more in the machinery of war than in the machinery of peace-making. Governments spend four times more for weapons research than on energy. It sounds per person, the world has more explosive power than fuel. Today, as in earlier times, we get what we pay for. The central issue now, and throughout this decade, is not the price of energy, or national unity, or unemployment. The issue is annihilation.

A former director of CIBC and recent special adviser to Canadian TV delegetions, Murray Thomson works for disarmament with Project Pheasants.



*'A convulsive and final rending of flesh and spirit'*



## Direct your own replay. Speed it up. Slow it down. Or stop the action.

RCA's new SelectaVision 625 lets you add "special effects" to your video cassette recordings—from your armchair.

Now you can duplicate the special effects on those sports broadcasts.

You can slow the action down to see how a punt was blocked. Freeze the action in mid play. Advance it one frame at a time. Or you can speed up the action and zip through dull huddles.

SelectaVision 625 lets you do all these just by pushing buttons—from your armchair.

### Remote control.

The 625 comes with a remote control unit that lets you add the effects you want from up to 30 feet away. The unit also lets you pause and change channels without leaving your chair.

### 6-hour recording.

And you won't be leaving your chair to change cassettes in the middle of a program. The 625 gives you 6-hour recording capacity—all the longest available on any VCR.

### 7-day memory.

And the 7-day programmable timer lets you record your favourite shows even when you're away for up to seven days! Touch a few buttons and you've programmed the timer. The rest is automatic. The 625 will turn itself on at kick-off time, record the game and

turn itself off. When it's time for your next selection, the 625 turns itself to the right channel and starts recording again. You can preset as many as four different shows for seven straight days!

Plus all those features that have helped make RCA SelectaVision the best-selling VCR in North America. The "Special Effect" SelectaVision 625 has it all. Go see it at your RCA dealer.



Optional remote control unit lets you operate your VCR from your chair.

**RCA**   
Let RCA turn your television into  
**SelectaVision.**

**TOMORROW**

## Mother's little helper

**A**rtificial insemination is a tried, true and not anonymous method of starting a family in North America. But in one remarkable instance in the United States recently, the medical technique was used in a way that means hope, not to mention controversy, for couples unable to bear children.

In Delaware, a couple engaged 38-year-old Patricia Dickey, from Olney, Maryland, to bear their child. Dickey was inseminated artificially with the husband's sperm in mid-February, and now the prospective adoptive parents can

## Portrait of a C.G.A.



**Don Kitchen, C.G.A.**  
Audit Manager, Office of the Provincial Auditor

Don Kitchen is a natural teacher and puts the ability to good use both in his day-to-day work and in his spare time. One evening a week he lectures accounting students enrolled in the CGA program. Keeping current with his counting and, specifically, auditing procedures is vital to Don's job and he finds that lecturing "keeps him on his toes". As an audit manager with the Provincial Auditor, Don coordinates staff training and professional development for the audit staff. In addition, he manages some of the audits which fall under the responsibility of the Provincial Auditor, such as the audits of Government Ministries and Crown Corporations. When he's not at work or lecturing, Don keeps busy being the treasurer of the condominium where he lives, playing hockey or jogging.

Don Kitchen is a Certified General Accountant.



**Certified General  
Accountants Association  
of Ontario**

25 Adelaide St. E. Toronto M5C 1P6



**Dickey: "I'm sure people won't approve"**

write down to nine months of comfortable waiting while the surrogate mother progresses from morning sickness to natural childbirth classes. Dickey's case is unusual, especially since she is willing to discuss her role publicly. And in response to her own parents' great distress at her act, Dickey explains, "I'm sure the majority of people won't approve. That's their problem. I just want people who can't have children to know that it can be done."

Dickey, who will receive no payment for her labors other than expenses, had answered a newspaper advertisement placed by Michigan attorney Noel Keane, who specializes in finding surrogate mothers for barren couples and guiding the surrogate's trip through the adoption process for a \$5,000 fee. The Delaware couple, who have requested anonymity, entered into a non-binding memorandum of agreement stipulating that the mother would give up the child for adoption, surrendering the newborn infant in the delivery room. But should she change her mind, Keane notes, "she could walk out the door with the baby and probably sue the father for child support."

Both parties have promised not to renege on the agreement, and despite—or perhaps because of—such informal arrangements, surrogate mothers and their children remain controversial legally and morally. To discourage the practice, most legal jurisdictions forbid outright payments to the "host mothers," as Keane calls the fortunate pin-mothers. And although few women have volunteered for the job, Keane says, "if we could pay women \$5,000 to \$10,000, everyone could have a surrogate."

Stix-Christoph



Spring is warm and welcoming in British Columbia.

Bubbling hot springs. Our intriguing fjordic coast and our mighty Rockies where everything's coming up lush green.

Bask in Victoria's warm royal (pap-pap) welcome atop a British double-decker then sample some cultured cuisine.

Butchart Gardens are bloomin' beautiful.

Hotels are very inn spots and the sheeping is jolly good.

Sail off into the secluded Gulf Islands where you can be alone together.

And hook into the best fishing this side of a scoring skillet.

All this year we're celebrating Fanfest '80

and the spirit is taking to the streets, beaches and countryside with scores of festivals.

Super Spring rates mean it's a natural time to visit friends and relatives here.

Ask your travel agent about our affordable packages that wrap up vacation value in Rocky Mountain high tours, hot springs, hot times and sensational city sights.

Or write Tourism British Columbia, Dept. G, 1117 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z7.

Now's the time to welcome in our Super, Natural Spring.

TOURISM BRITISH COLUMBIA



**Super,  
Natural**  
**British Columbia Spring.**

# Explorer-poet of the last frontier

By Ernest Hillen

**R**ight now Fred Brummer is out on the ice by the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence photographing harp seals. It's his 14th trip, but he'll stay two or three weeks because, he says, "I love this beauty." Yet he already has 10,000 pictures of the beasts, has written a dozen articles on them and, in 1977, published a book, *The*



Brummer is one of an elite handful on the ice off Baillin Island. "May I join you?"

*Life of the Harp Seal*. "But that's all incidental," he explains. "Just an outgrowth, a byproduct of what I simply like doing." And that, he says, is "trundling off to distant, isolated places and looking at plants and animals and people." Brummer isn't always so meticulous—in his quest way he loves to talk—but that's how he can sum up the why and the what of his life. And it's true: His life is geared precisely to his specification—to do what he likes, but the "byproduct" is not an "incidental" as he wishes out. It has made him, slowly and without fanfare, one of the least-known world-famous men in Canada.

Three weeks on the Magdalen Islands run around the block for Brummer. Usually the 50-year-old writer-photographer is gone from his Montreal home six months of the year, thousands of miles away up in the Arctic. For 19 years he has roamed from the islands off Siberia, across Alaska, Canada, Greenland, as far east as Lapland—though you would never guess it in meeting him. "I disappoint people at first," he admits. "They think, 'He must make up those stories.'" Tall, gaugly, pale-faced and bald, he just doesn't look like an Arctic explorer. Still, in miles travelled he easily equals Arctic greats Rasmussen, Stefansson, Knudsen, Peary and Pouchon, in intensity of experience he may have surpassed them, and in talent for sharing that experience—the "incidental" stuff—Brummer is in a class by himself. Since launching his free-lance career in '64, the Latvian-born high-school dropout has written seven books on the North—finishing the last one two weeks ago—and about 500 magazine articles. The books are sold in more than a dozen countries, some are translated into French and German and will soon be available in the Scandinavian languages and

Brummer: "You are the outdoor hero."



## One good thing leads to another.



One of the most enjoyable ways to complete a fine dinner is with a grifter of Paarl brandy. Paarl ages all its brandies in oak casks for smoothness and flavour. And in the fine tradition of imported Paarl 5 Star Brandy, comes our finest brandy yet—VSOOP. A unique blend of brandies, aged for up to 10 years. Costs just slightly more.

Imported Paarl Brandy. One good brandy has led to another.

**NEXT TIME TRY  
IMPORTED  
PAARL**





Dutch.\* The articles ran in mass-circulation publications—the old *Weekend Magazine* and Quebec's *Papier Presse* gave him his start—and in such respected journals as *Nature*, *History*, *Archives*, *Magazine* and *International Wildlife*. This becomes output, all done, of course, between trips, has earned Brummer a reputation as the foremost interpreter of the Arctic in the world.

William Taylor, director of Ottawa's National Museum of Man and an expert on the North, calls Brummer's *The Arctic* (1975) "the most comprehensive single book on its subject matter ever produced." Even more telling, the book, themselves on Brummer as their hero. Well, his books are used in schools throughout the North, telling children of the culture that was there. From his journey Brummer has brought back 140,000 pictures and some 25,000 pages of meticulous notes. It's a unique and indispensable record because what he witnessed was a culture dying. Nine years ago he wrote *Seasons of the Eskimo*, edited a *Vancouver Way of Life*. That life has now vanished. What he saw will not be seen again. And he still has much to tell.

This winter Brummer told a lot, his north book, *Children of the North*, which appeared in November, his seventh, a book for children, tentatively called *Blue River*, will be at the International Children's Book Fair in Bologna, Italy, this month and to tour in September, a one-man showing of his photographs ran in Toronto and in London, Ontario, where it closed last month, and he wrote 18 articles spilling 30,000 words.

*Weekend* Fred Brummer: The Long Blue (1971) *Seasons of the Eskimo* (1975) *Children of the Arctic* (1975) *The Arctic* (1977) *The Life of the Arctic* (1977) *Children of the North* (1977) *Blue River* (tentative title) (1978)

most children while in quarantine.

Much like the traditional fear, Brummer thinks of time as seasons. Winter is when he's been working. He's in with May, his wife, and April, 17, and March, 12, in a modest house on a quiet street. Work is writing—in long-hand, 14 hours a day, seven days a week, and a project is done. And also in winter are breaks for dining out, movies, the sports. But not many.

Spring, summer and fall are for traveling. Little planning goes into the journey. "I had and play it by ear," says Brummer. Much of the time, he moves around very little, spending weeks alone on an island "shooting" flowers, or living for three, five, eight months in the same four-room house. Coming up now on trips to Alaska, to watch the bears, and to the Central Arctic for stay with an Inuit family. He has done it all before, but he says, "It's never the same. I'm always learning. There are 55 academic disciplines in the Arctic, 55 years ago. And there's a pleasure in taking good pictures. Last fall I was up in a 10-foot tower near Churchill shooting polar bears. They wait for me to go hunting on Hudson Bay. In two weeks we had one money day and I caught a bear against the sunset, all black, but for this a golden baby. And there are primitive joys. For five days and nights ate of us at a little island with no food. Finally we caught a 14-pound white fish. We cut it in six and ate it, guts, scales and all, and ate more. Terrific! And the adventure rushing in time of danger—and afterwards the realization. You see? You agree."

Brummer thought a moment. "In '71, off the coast of Greenland, coming back from a walrus hunt, the others in my team ahead and out of sight. I'm in a

northeast because of the ice, and it's new full of dead walrus. I've been poking for 20 hours. Heads blunder, arms out. An iceberg just out from an island it's drifted against. It must be 30 stories high. As I pass beneath, the thing moves and starts to lurch over slowly. The sea has melted a lake on top. Wind is moving the water and that's causing the iceberg to lurch—see me. God knows where the power comes from, but I shoot through the sea. I saw, saw, and saw. I have to get at least a rate away not to get crushed under if the iceberg falls over. It means leader and keeps fighting further and further. I rise. And then water, first a bit, then tons of it comes plunging down over the side edge on top. And slowly, slowly, seeping, and cracking, the iceberg rights itself. I am a mile away, all alone, laughing like a clown."

Brummer says he now has the best of two worlds. "There's the hardship and excitement up north, and a very contented, sedentary life at home. It's a happy combination. I do what I like best and I make a living at it."

It wasn't always so. Somewhere in Seneca it says, "To endure and succeed in such a life, a hunter must be resourceful and handy, he must have faith in himself, a lot of optimism, a certain faithfulness, and the ability to break each day and enjoy the good it brings and not spend it with worry about the tomorrow." That goes for a free-lancer's risky life as well. Brummer was 32, married two years and a father when he went on his own. He had four years' experience as a reporter on two small-town papers in Ontario and the Montreal *Gazette*. He had wandered about Europe, North Africa and the Middle East for six years earning his way with short features for Canadian papers and a French national magazine. Perhaps the most important thing he learned then was how to live and travel cheaply. "That was just as well, because in his first year of free-lancing he made \$600 and it took seven years to clear \$15,000. They were lean years, made all the rougher by Brummer's unbridled croak never to accept assignments. His way is to mail text-and-picture packages to editors as a take-it-or-leave-it basis. "The chance is 10% responsible to someone else," he explains. "I'd be taking money in advance for something I couldn't be sure would come out right." He stresses that he certainly would have had to shake back into horses were it not for his wife. Mary and raised in Indiana, the stark, attractive Midland newspaper, newspaper, and southern man, the house.

Her reasoning isn't complicated. "Fred has to do what he has to do."

And do it Fred's way. "What I treasure most is independence," he says. And single-mindedly he and Mary

# 98.1 WAYS TO FEEL BEAUTIFUL.

Never shaped their life to where they now come to it that time. They now could live as his "cousins," the pictures and notes of which less than five per cent have been used in what has published so far. No more serious journals, stay home and write. But Monday, "You'll go back up there as long as he can crawl."

Brenner's passion blossomed soon after he came to Canada in 1930 to work in the mines at Kirkland Lake, Ontario. Behind him were the Second World War, the death of his parents and his search in a Russian prison camp.

(Mind spent 56 years in a Japanese prison camp.) "I remember everybody is here, wait until for their holidays," he says. "I brought a motorcycle and explored the back roads. I made a trip to James Bay—and that was it. The timelessness, the space, the freedom. I walk and walk up North. I'm fascinated by nature and by people slowly bound to it."

"I get alone too with the heart because I accept them as they are. In the hardest way I ask, 'Why I join you?' I've learned to be a very man of nature. I'm patient. The first question is always, 'Will you not see me?' Where I

go it's traditional—eat, drink, eggs, caribou and fish, after rain. I like it. Since the wilderness away off. It's a kitchen [white man] with a couple of people, advice or questions."

Brenner is angry in a sad and fatalistic way. "Children aren't happy here," he says. "It shows the end result of a culture in decay. Violence, infidelity, the death of the old people, that's all gone. But the drink problem is catastrophic, and the suicide rate is horrible. The old life was hard, but emotionally it was more secure. We tried to make whiteness of them in one generation."

"An anthropologist at Lake Harbour once showed me a campsite where four or five families, 25 people at most, had lived traditionally for 4,000 years—longer than Rome or Babylon. It was one of the most sophisticated and static cultures there's ever been. Its only materials were bone, stone, ivory, baleen, ice, snow, hides. . . I have no sense of mission at all, but somebody had to do what I've done. So much would have been lost otherwise."

Brenner may be accepted as a homeless alcoholic, but he's still thought odd. For instance, back after a hunt of, say, two days and nights when everybody is full of meat and tea and that alcohol, Brenner might still be sitting upright, unblinking. When the weather is foul that's all he does. Often he's talking to himself.

We sat up the road, one part of the tribe, together with steps of raw hide and ivory. Like some of the old ones, that pile of intestines, hands and faces covered with blood, gorging ourselves. It's rather primitive. Still, why not?

I got lost. It rained, it was foggy, and I lost a woman here by the road. . . Got lost by it as a man. After it's said to be happy. Flood, a dry land and not being lost or night in the Arctic.

The weather is beautiful, cold, windy and raw, more driving, and black. Black. Black. Arctic grey.

In different words this message occurs again and again.

You're the outside here, don't complain. If you don't like it, stay away. Cheer up, now, heater!

And then the Ashkenazi modern mafia. Genuis around his table, he wonders off for hours, even days. But that's his way, it's how his heart beats next. Sometimes, they refer to him, though, as a wolf, a lone wolf. And they're right. He lives with them but, finally, he's not one of them; they remain separate entities. And back in the South—who has seen what he has seen? But he wants to share. So he sits, as his workmate, writer—which really is being alive. The roots are bits of decorations, except for a postcard-size color print of a wolf on a hill of snow it might be.

## This Canada

# A village dying for faith and pride



By Ken Becker

**T**he church rises from the hillside, its twin towers two great peaks, its Gothic steeple as Everest-like summit. From the stone steps there is an unobstructed view of the countryside, overgrown valleys, rolling hills, grey forests, distant lakes. Nothing blanches the vista. It wouldn't dare. The church, St. Mary's RC, and the village, Wilno, Ontario, are one.

The church was built in the early days of the Depression with the money and sweat of its parishioners. Those who are still alive remember, and think of St. Mary's as theirs, as they think of Wilno as theirs. Their fathers and grandfathers built the village; they built the church as much as a monument to ancestors and heritage as to faith. History and the church are inseparable, too, in Wilno. The town elders, like their parents and grandparents, are Poles first, Catholics first and guardians of the village first. As long as pride in Polish heritage dominates the church and the village remain alive, Wilno will be a unique spot. Not after 120 years, that is too much to expect.

Wilno will die. It will not disappear from the map, that tiny dot between the

St. Mary's church, Wilno, money and sweat

**Schnappistaction**

**HIRAM WALKER Peppermint Schnapps**

*Make it Schnappy*

For more ways to mix Peppermint Schnapps, write to Peppermint Schnapps, P.O. Box 747, Station "N", Toronto M4P 1K2.

**Peppermint Schnapps Liqueur**  
From Hiram Walker  
Light, cool and schnappy!



the coast of Barry's Bay and Pultney at the Quebec border. It will simply fade away and something less distinguishable will take its place.

The place had no name in 1869 when 300 settlers established the first Polish community in Canada. They had fled Lysyng, the Germanization of Poland under the Iron Chancellor, Otto von Bismarck. The new land was hard-forded, rocky soil—but it was cleared. Farmers from the Baltic provinces of northern Poland, they were used to heavy work and cold winters. In 1870, the parish was organized and they built a chapel. Soon after, the village was named Wilno, after the birthplace of the parish priest, Rev. Ludwik Dembolski. They brought their customs, language and fierce Catholicism and tucked themselves away in a land that was as alien to them as they were to it. They did not assimilate. And they still haven't.

The Polish House on Route 40 is the only place in Wilno to sit down and have a beer. Most days, when the sun starts to go down, the old men wander in. They come down the hill along Baruch Street, or down from Baruch Street, passing Baruch's General Store and Post Office. Or they come up from across the highway, across the tracks from Springfield Street or Scupper



Edna: You eat this about my knowledge!

Street. The faces are weathered, the knuckles gnarled. They speak in Polish, the Kaszubian dialect of their homeland.

Edna Proszko is a member in his 80s. He, like most of them, was born in Wilno, a descendant of the first settlers, a second-generation Canadian who speaks English with a Polish accent. He, like most of them, inherited the family farm and had to grow it up from scratch. Too many unpredictable years through too many frigid winters in the

ragged terrain. He, like most of them, went to work in the bush, logging, until the bush was gone, then hired out to the contractors and the sawmills, farther and farther from home.

"There's nothing to do in Wilno," he says, sipping his beer. "I have my house. Most of the boys have a roof over their heads and enough money to get by. We'll survive. But the young won't stay." Proszko never married. He has no children to pass his language and heritage to. Even if he did, he says, he doesn't think it would stick. He points across the room to a young man in a baseball cap. "He speaks Polish as good as me," Edna says, "but he won't."

Ronald Yurka is 19. He has worked the past 12 years in a sawmill out of Wilno. He still lives with his parents, but figures when he leaves home he'll probably leave Wilno. "There's nothing to do," he says. At home he and his brother speak a mixture of Polish and English with their parents. "But the young guys are mostly all English," he says, as if speaking of a nationality rather than a language. "And the young guys stick with the young guys and the old guys with the old guys." When Ronald leaves, Edna whispers, "I think the Polish will die."

The Polish House, long owned by the Skallant family, the local Polish priest,

# JOHN DOLAN

## GIVES YOU A LIFT



Weekdays at 3:00, just as Toronto traffic thickens, John Dolan slips behind the CFRB microphone to make driving home a little more informative, a little more relaxing and a lot more fun. News and comments from Bob Heskeith, views from Bill McVane, weather from Bev Cusick, commuter traffic, race results, sports, financial comment and Merry Shannons' colorful traffic reports are punctuated with a little travelling music and John's very observations on the passing scene. It's a radio recipe designed to get you going and keep you cooking.

3:00-6:30 P.M. MONDAY-FRIDAY

**CFRB 1010**

THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO



Imagine Club Med's sun and warm sand. Imagine Club Med's ocean, and dancing and sports and laughter. Imagine eating and drinking like a king and never ever tiring! It's the most worry free holiday you'll ever spend. Ask your travel agent to give you further details about Club Med and take advantage of all the fun at low-season rates.



To the readers of  
*Maclean's Magazine*  
Toronto, Ontario.  
Canada



Club Med

I would very much like to receive your 1986 Summer Vacation Brochure

Name

Address

City

Postal Code

Mail to: Club Med Ltd., 180 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Ontario M5G 2H8

Please use only one card

*club med the good life!*

Bob, Debra, John, George, Ann, Tony, Tom & Debra, William, Sandy, PS Next time, come with us



## Europe.

Chances are we've been there. That makes a world of difference.

Europe is picturesque villages... historic cities... and it's affordable. Call us for new charter class ways to see the U.K. or any part of Europe.



associated with  
WOLFGANG HELLMER TRAVEL

more than 25 offices across Canada

was recently bought by a couple from White River, neo-Poles. The Skell station and general store, also long a Skell property, now is owned by a Pina from Thunder Bay. The Teneco station and lunch counter on the outskirts of town is operated by a German and his South African wife. The two gas stations and general store and the Public House are the only retail businesses in the village. From the original 300, the population has declined to 194, according to the 1976 census. The star-charts played as much as summer sports passing through the Ottawa Valley as an year-round residents.

Wilno, Ontario: "There's nothing to do"



The survival of the village and its ethnic character is not something the people of Wilno talk about easily, especially to outsiders. "Too many people who don't really care about us have come here and tried to study us," says Frank Rota, 65, self-proclaimed local historian. "We're selfish about our knowledge. It's just for me and my people."

Because Wilno is the first Polish settlement in Canada, it has attracted scholars and journalists over the years. "We have had many visitors studying us and making research," says the parish priest at St. Mary's, Father Stanislaw Kadziska. "And some of them have authored an Article with many things, that we were vampires and such. We were hurt."

In 1968, Ottawa's National Museum of Man's Canadian Centre for Polish Culture Studies commissioned a Toronto-based scholar, Jan Perkowski, to study the linguistic and folkloric aspects of the Kadziska in Wilno. Four years later, the museum published Perkowski's study *Vampires, Demons and Witches among the Ottawas Kadziska*. In 1970, *The Canadian* magazine, quoting extensively from Perkowski's pamphlet, pub-

lished a short story titled *Count Demonic in Canada? They Worry About Vampires in Wilno, Ont.* Not long after that the *National Enquirer* and other tabloid headlines started spinning up the tale.

"Do you wonder why they are watching you for a long time before they accept you?" Kadziska says of his parishioners. Kadziska came to Canada from Poland in 1946. He spent most of the Second World War in German concentration camps, in Auschwitz and later in Sobibor. He is originally from a small village near Krakow, near Wadowice, where he went to school with Karel Woflita, now Pope John Paul II. Kadziska, now 65, lived far from the

Roths, far from the land of the Kadziska. He doesn't even speak their dialect. He speaks "high Polish." "If you think it is a long time before they accept you," he says, "look at me. After 18 years I don't feel accepted. I am tolerated. In our community there is a devotion to the church. Nobody enters church if he is not accepting it is because he wouldn't start the car on, in spring, he got stuck in the mud."

But after a while it is apparent he is talking only about the older people. "The young people," Kadziska says, "they cannot be so concerned, to baptize a child."

Will the church approve? Will the village live? "I'm a little bit afraid," he says.

Kadziska lost his two classmates and friend Karel Woflita in 1977, when the then cardinal was visiting Buffalo, New York. Until then, and up to the cardinal's election to the papacy, they had corresponded regularly. Now Kadziska feels it's time to renew the correspondence. He wants the Pope, the Polish Pope, to come to Wilno. "Definitely, I think he will," says Kadziska. But if and when the Pope visits Wilno, will Wilno still be Wilno? ☐

## Our employees and their interesting hobbies

### SANDY McNEIL

Sandy McNeil was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and spent the summer in May 1969. Her present hobby is that of Account Executive. She says, "I am interested in all things horses after although playing sports one of her horses. Kadziska also enjoys spending time playing board games (she has had 100 in her). In addition to all these hobbies she is raising a garden of chocolate flowers (it is blue).



### HEATHER GAIL JEFFERY

Heather Gail Jeffery is a native of Calgary, who holds the position of Technical Specialist. Dark as an Calgary after Heather riding a one of her horses. Kadziska also enjoys spending time playing board games (she has had 100 in her). In addition to all these hobbies she is raising a garden of chocolate flowers (it is blue).



### MONICA SMISHEK

Monica Smishek has been with CCI since 1977 and is a Secretary at the Saskatchewan office. She is married and the mother of one daughter. Monica is an enthusiastic rider. She was a member of the riding club which was in the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest.



### GRACE LIM

Grace Lim, whose nationality is Chinese (Canadian since 1977), was born in Singapore. She joined the company in August 1977 and has been a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest.



### SANDRA THOMSON

Sandra Thomson was born in Ontario and is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest.



### DONNA WOOD

Donna Wood who was born in Ontario and is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest. She is a member of the company's interest.



### Canada Cement Lafarge Ltd.

Concrete Division, 1000 Lakeshore Blvd. West, 10th Floor, Toronto, Ontario M6H 1P7. Telephone: (416) 593-1000. Telex: 500000. Cable: 500000. Fax: 593-1000.



OUR EMPLOYEES ARE THE COMPANY'S MOST PRECIOUS RESOURCE.

## Letters

**If it's Tuesday  
this is Kansas**

While we were reporting on Eugene Sadler's criticisms of the last Quebec Adaptation Test and other tests (March 26, *Choice* Article, Feb. 4), you may well have considered whether Canadians don't have over-spoken reasons for suspicion of them than Americans do. Why do Canadian universities pay any attention to a test so narrowly designed for United States use that, for example, test questions premising over 100% in 1913 were explicitly forbidden to tell test-takers what to put in the line labelled "state and zip code" on the test's identification form—even if those test-takers happen to live in a province instead of a state and there's nowhere to write in the word "Canada"?

CHRIS RICHMOND, WATERLOO, ONT.

### Our man in Grenada

Washien to register my protest against Wilson's Lowther's article *An Eye For Calabar Avenue* (Dec 31). Everyone is entitled to their own prejudices, especially where socialism is involved, but beyond that I think he is unclear and untrue. I am a United Church minister from Alberta working in Grenada. As such, I drive around the island every week, picking up passengers and learning from them their attitudes toward the government. The coop was very popular as an end to a corrupt and brutal regime, but the masses still want a better life. I am sure the masses will support a fairer prime minister Sir Ken Garry Cook to face trial. There has been some disappointments and changes of attitude, and there are concerns about the future. But the revolution is still strong.

and has the support of the church, especially the Roman Catholics. The social problems are enormous and will not change quickly under anyone's direction. This is a friendly and beautiful nation and a highly important sample of struggle for development. Canada should be close to it, making wise and useful investments and gifts and contributing our own best thoughts into the rebuilding of this nation.

GERALD M. HUTCHINSON,  
CAROLINA WOOT INDER

## Gamesmanship

As Peter C. Newman said in his editorial *Let's Hold the Olympics—But in Some Other Ball Park* (Feb. 4), "for Canada to carry the Olympic banner into the Soviet Union at that time would be hypocrisy." But what is the alternative except to boycott them? I think we should boycott them and defile the Peithubian pride and ego and leave it up to the Soviet public to ask why or where are the U.S.A., Canada and other countries.

COLLEEN DONALDSON, RN, MS, CDE

May I commend Peter C. Newman on his fine editorial of everything I've said relating to the Soviets' behavior in Afghanistan, his defense of the proposition that the Olympics should be moved to another venue in 1980 is the most cogent and clearly reasoned proposition to date. I trust that his views so forthrightly expressed will gain the wide attention of the Canadian community and have a telling effect upon the final policy of the Canadian government in this matter.

DANIEL MCGHEE VAN DUSEN

Boycotting the Olympics will only develop a foreign mentality in the Soviet

Union. Some 300,000 foreign visitors to Moscow making personal contacts with Russian citizens would have more effect on Soviet policies, I should think. Or does the West prefer the arms race?

ROSEMARY MORTIMER

### The rapes of wrath

Having just finished Bill MoeVig's review of the movie *A Stream From Heaven* (The Hostile Tribes of Men and Women, Feb. 11), we are forced to wonder where MoeVig's digs up its film reviewers. To call Lisa Wertenhiller's work "high-minded trash" displays, in our minds, the most arrogant sort of

Actress Julia Vincent, *Chauvinistic?*

artistic ignorance. His analysis of Anne Claire Poirier's film is both archaic and chauvinistic. How can turning rape into a "unique and burning sorrow known only to womanland" be romanticizing and glorifying? Does he suppose that the director's purpose was to illustrate how fortunate females are in their capacity to be violated? In his attempt to appear knowledgeable and insightful, Bill MacFiear comes across only as shallow and pretentious.

8500 QUEENSWAY KINGSTON, ONT

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 221 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A7.

From Puerto Rico comes a legend.  
Unmistakably Don Q.



Don Q

Inspired by the legend of Don Quixote, the unique character of Don Q Rum is the result of a century-old quest by the Serralles family of Puerto Rico for

excellence in taste and quality. Don Q has become the largest selling rum in Puerto Rico and is known throughout the Caribbean as "El rey de los rones" ("The King of Rums"). Light, dry and extra smooth. Unmistakably Don Q Rum.

### Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to: \*Hagman, Dec 1988; Barr & Tavel, March 1990

Figure 1

My dear my dear is

New Britain 1000

\_\_\_\_\_

c

Business Intelligence

Postscript

3 weeks in culture

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE  
AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY!

I also subscribe to | Displacement editor | FLARE and  
40000 CM 10000 title from those publishers as well.

## Emetic surgery

I read with shock and a growing sense of optimism Peter C. Newman's editorial *We Can Close-and-Digger With the Best of Them* (Feb. 11). Are Canadians all such insecure, brainy people that we must ride as the rearthink of Kenneth Taylor and company in order to "walk tall" looking in the borrowed glory? I cannot believe that we have such a naive, knee-jerk reaction to such incidents. Certainly, the Canadian physicians in this story with humanity, compassion and courage, but in fact they

had little choice. Consider the reputations of Taylor and his people had torn over the six Americans to the Indians? **TIMOTHY DEAN, VANCOUVER**

## The sins of the father . . .

The Grand Marlin Ferry Service referred to in your article *The Angered Taste of Island Life* (Jan. 28) is operated by Coastal Transport Limited of Saint John, N.B., not by Coastal Transport Limited, a subsidiary of the Marlin, which operates the Grand Marlin Ser-

vise at whatever rate and frequency levels are set by the province of New Brunswick. The province determines the service levels because it also pays the difference between the actual cost of providing the service and revenue from passengers, freight customers and federal contributions.

**G. L. GRAHAM MANAGER COASTAL TRANSPORT LIMITED SAINT JOHN, N.B.**

## Early risers

In your article on CSBO/SCCO *All's Quiet on the German Front* (Feb. 11), you mentioned a resolution passed by CSBO's francophone sister organization, STCO, about political prisoners in Quebec. In fact, the "resolution" was passed in the fall of 1978, not January, 1980. It was passed at SCBO's annual general meeting, which is made up of volunteer workers from around the province of Quebec, and did not represent the views of the board of directors of CSBO/SCCO, nor its staff. CSBO/SCCO's continuing work is over 36 "Third World countries, our project support and the 850 Canadians working in our programs are testimony to the continuing strength and maturity of the organization.

**SAS SHILLIE, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, CSBO/SCCO, OTTAWA**

## Observation gallery

I must compliment Lawrence O'Toole on his article *More Than Just a Gossip* (Feb. 4). I read his review of *American Gossip* the day after I saw the movie and it confirmed what rumors of his reviews have been leading me to believe his criticisms can be taken seriously. He does not give voice to his ego, he does not give away the story and he does not brood his opinion in Hollywoodian superlatives. His social comment and intelligent observation are a refreshing change from the usual critics' drivel.

**LAURA WOODHOUSE, CALGARY**

## The patience of Job

In your article *Not All Roads Lead to Rome* (Feb. 4), Hubert de Sartaux shows, as usual, his anti-Catholic bias by not pointing out that the church is mostly seeking to prevent flame King from teaching in its official capacity and in the name of the church, his own theology. I, like many millions of Catholics, have been outraged by King's actions in doing this for over four years. No one questions his right to his own beliefs but his refusal to go to Rome to explain, as a teaching theologian, his position smacks of either cowardice or ignorance. How much patience in the church expected to have?

**J. R. CARVALHO, RICHMOND, B.C.**

# "WE'RE PRODUCING MORE STEEL, BUT POLLUTING LESS."

—Murray Greenfield, Air and Water Quality Engineer, Dofasco



Over the last decade, steel production has soared at Dofasco. Yet, perhaps surprisingly, since 1970 Dofasco has achieved a 60% net reduction in water pollution and a 70% net reduction in air pollution.

How have we done it? By investing more than \$100,000,000

since 1970 in pollution control equipment. Some of this equipment involves new and highly complex technology. Other items, like our three road sweepers, are simple, common sense ideas. Not a major facility, but certainly worthwhile, the sweepers clean the roads in our plant and

all streets in Hamilton travelled by Dofasco equipment.

We don't have all the answers to pollution. But real progress has been made. And will continue to be made.

Dominion Foundries and Steel Limited, P.O. Box 460, Hamilton, Ontario, L8N 3J5



Dofasco is a 35% Canadian-owned steel company employing over 11,000 Canadian men and women. Most of the steel they make is sold to Canadian manufacturers only in turn-built products sold in Canada and around the world.

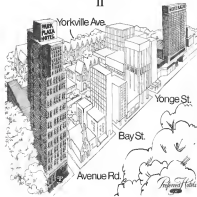
**DOFASCO**

Our product is steel. Our strength is people.

# In Toronto we're our toughest competition.

Park Plaza and Hotel Plaza II are a unique blend of traditional and contemporary. Located in the heart of the city, the Park Plaza and the Hotel Plaza II both offer you luxurious accommodations, the finest cuisine, friendly service and easy access to everything. For reservations call your travel agent or phone toll free:

1-800-661-1262



For more than 200 years, an unchanged and carefully guarded formula has ensured the superlative taste of Tia Maria. It is exported from the West Indies to the four corners of the globe.



**Tia Maria. The original for more than 200 years.**

Canada

Maclean's

## The Axatollah rides again

By John Hay

It was as if the Grits had never left power. When a senior Trudeau aide intruded in to reclaim the government office he had vacated last year in Clark's moment Jim Gillies, he was startled and disappointed to find nothing had changed since May: the same dingy pictures on the wall, the same (not-been-on-the-desk still) boating his name. If Gillies was such a bar shot, the Liberal aide asked last week, why didn't he at least get their office redecorated? Up as Parliament Hill, meanwhile, Pierre Trudeau was in the old office he had kept through the Clark interregnum, receiving an endless line of supplicants and advisers as he built his new cabinet. Near the top of the list was Lloyd Axworthy—a fresh face in cabinet to give the West a liberal voice.

Given Axworthy's rise to cabinet rank and national prominence less than a year after first leaving his Winnipeg Post-Office Quay seat was assured by the poverty of western Liberals. With Robert Boockstall of St. Boniface the only other Grit elected west of Ontario, Axworthy was a shoe-in for a cabinet job as Trudeau reached for regional representation across the country. But there was more to it than being from the right place: Axworthy has always pursued politics with an implacable single-mindedness in Manitoba. Liberal circles he is known as the "Axatollah." Just 40, he has attracted a fascinated following of friends and critics who aren't sure whether he is driven more by ambition or his own sense of mission. He remains an enigma to those who know him best, a Prairie populist with a Princeton Ph.D., a reforming Liberal philosopher who preaches neighborhood power; a charismatic who generates fervent loyalty among some and repels others with equal force, an unending "Toss" politician who survived for two years as the lone Liberal in the Manitoba legislature by outwitting the conservatives. He has spent a political life-

time speaking for the West inside the Liberal party, yet is distrusted by many western Liberals and finds his strongest support in Toronto. When Trudeau announced his retirement last fall, it was in Ontario—not Manitoba—that Axworthy's own leadership movement began growing before being clipped by Trudeau's return.

It naturally fell to Axworthy and Boockstall to carry out Trudeau's first

ministries and politicians and, in truth, Liberals underline that hand-wringing about the West after most elections. Axworthy says westerners' discontent should be answered by recognizing their demands for better freight rates and rail services, and by twinning resource income back into western industrialization. Lastly, Axworthy and Boockstall urged Trudeau not to invite Jack Horner-like defections from the opposition benches (Shankaranarayanan New Democrat, Lorne Nyssen says someone "close to Trudeau" approached him during the campaign with a cabinet offer which he declined.) And they took some comfort from the rise in the Liberal share of the Prairies vote from May to February (30.7 per cent to 32.9 in Alberta, 19.9 per cent to 24.3 in Saskatchewan, 33.5 per cent to 38 in Manitoba).

If the West remains impatient to the Grits, it's equally hard to parse Axworthy's own liberalism, which springs from two quite different sources: the yeasty Prairie populism of north Winnipeg where he grew up in modest politics, and the sophisticated sort of liberal dissent that flourished within the Dry League establishment during the urban civil rights movement of the Kennedy years—the costly Canadian years of rationalism and may grace. There is a hidden-down self-control about Axworthy, but "in the bottom of his gut as real rage," says friend Jerry Gidycz, "he's a Liberal breaker and burner."

Agree another less admiring friend in the West, "I've never seen anyone with a stronger sense of purpose." Axworthy-washers say, indeed, that he can be insensitive and almost cruelly rule in getting his way. But he is also a pragmatic party man still loyal to John Turner, his first boss in Ottawa back in the '60s. A speechwriter for Turner's 1968 leadership race, Axworthy says he would have joined him again had Turner needed to succeed Trudeau this winter, even though Turner now speaks for the right wing of the party. In the years since the '60s—as late as Paul Hellyer's Housing Task Force, as dis-



Axworthy: a button-down self-control

mission to the West, just week consulting beaten Grits and their backroomers and reporting to the leader how best to open new lanes from the region to the cabinet. They presciently and patiently recruit a pair of senators to, ministers, make the party itself the visible link between cabinet and westerners, and maybe open a prime ministerial office in the West. There was no need, Axworthy advised, to "rush to the barricades" with proportional representation or an expanded Senate. He thinks that "western alienation" lives largely in the chat of jour-



tor of urban studies at the University of Winnipeg, as M.L.A. for six years ('75 to '79)—Awerchuk has posed a puzzling conundrum: populist, pragmatist, pragmatist. "He is one of the best-organized Liberals we have," enthuses Liberal party Vice-President Lorena Macleod of Toronto. "He is concerned with the problems of urban working people." "A break, ambitious young man in a hurry" is how he strikes a leading Liberal in Saskatchewan who respects, moreover, the rise of an Awerchuk dynasty (from in Trudeau's office, younger brother Bob a Manitoba organizer) that reminds Regina Gerts of Otto Lang's "family compact."

Just as the rural West spawned the populism of both left and right, there is something still undusted about Awer-

chuk, as assembled beacons between reformism and conservatism. At one point in a Maclean's interview last week he was recalling how as M.L.A. he had interceded with Safeway to keep a supermarket open for a neighborhood of pensioners—a decision that clearly pleased him. Then, as if it needed more justification, he added that it was "good politics." Many Liberals are now waiting for the next chapters to see whether Awerchuk is content with less his sense of mission and adaptable into the suit-and-ties arena of power. Awerchuk frankly admits to being curious himself. "It's hard to keep the fire in your belly in Ottawa," he confesses. ◇

**Bookish (left), Awerchuk, Trudeau: a populist idea out of the West**



## The Tories blame the wharfingers

By Ian Anderson

**W**harfingers. It is not a word you hear often in the political circles of Ontario and Quebec. But the politicians from the coastal ridings mention wharfingers when they talk of how Joe Clark lost because he and his advisers were simply not political enough. He had some intelligently capable people in his office, but they were not politically minded," complained one veteran Tory after last Wednesday's meeting between Clark and his caucus. And one example he gave was how Clark's people didn't see that all the Liberal wharfingers who oversee the government wharfs were not changed for loyal Tories.

If Clark emerged from the Railway Committee Room unscathed last Wednesday it was because his staff was taking some of the heat. The two mentioned most often were Chief of Staff Bill Neville and Alan Gillies, Clark's economic adviser. Both men saw fit to be out of town when the caucus met. "It should have been a command performance for Neville," fumed one Tory.

Among the caucus there was little bit praise for Clark's campaigning. But dissatisfaction over the crucial television advertising was near unanimous. There was also disappointment over what Alan Hamilton called the "half-soliloquy" of the campaign. "Hamilton, among others, believes the budget had not been properly explained by Clark. 'The party blew it because it fought the battle on what the Opposition said,' complained the veteran Saskatchewan MP. "You can't win an election on your opponent's ground."

Not even Tory has publicly criticized Clark since the election. On Wednesday he entered the caucus room to only a smattering of applause, but his victory reportedly inspired troops to their fortitude this time. "The party surely must have learned from having gashed down Diefenbaker," Hamilton explained. "That just loses Conservative votes, and there are just too few of those to begin with." "Our caucus has been cohesive in recent years," echoed veteran Walter Dandee. "This is the stinkiest of the leadership of Joe Clark."

But the MPs made clear in the meeting that changes were expected in the people closest to Clark. In addition, they made clear they want greater input into the party's national strategy.

Clark made clear that he thought this might be a backhand insult aimed at himself, since it was he who chose to take the advice. Leaving for Ottawa this



Clark and Creditable at Tory caucus: out of the kitchen but feeding the host

week on a vacation, Clark will return in two weeks to another caucus meeting. Then he may have a clearer idea of where he stands because he will have to respond to the feelings about a staff to whom he personally very loyal.

The wharfinger problem was typical of what some now see as the weakness of Clark's crew. These are appointments made "at pleasure" by the ministers of fisheries and transport. They tend to be dismissed as political favors. But just one Liberally appointed wharfinger was changed in the five months of Tory government, this one at the request of Nova Scotia member Lloyd Cross. Pat Nowlan, another Nova Scotia MP, remarked that one of the wharfingers in his riding had run against him three times as a candidate for the Liberals.

In all, only about 200 political appointments were made by Clark's personal adviser, Jean Papot, while less than a dozen party supporters were left standing for jobs held by Liberals. Remarkably, some veterans Tory supporters were asked to send in their job histories before being considered for an appointment of any sort. "The people around Clark can't even pronounce 'Machavelli,' broiled one unhappy Tory. "This is added in reference to Jean Papot's habit of handing out cookies in her office. 'You can't run a complex office like the PM's out of a cookie jar.'"

More than a few deplored Tories are now asking themselves if they are doomed to perpetual Opposition. "We've convinced the Canadian people for higher energy prices so the other party could implement them," said Alberta MP Peter Elzinga. "That's the thing I find the saddest. It's like 1974, when we conditioned the people for wage and price controls."

Clark appears to have time on his side for the moment. "If there had been a minority government, I don't think there would have been the same mood in caucus," said one veteran. "Now we have some time—probably four years. There is less of the kind of pressure that might result in recommendations. Now the prevailing mood is let's not do anything precipitous."

Clark has his caucus now he

would prefer to face a party convention as the fall. This would include a vote on whether to renew the party's leadership—the same vote that resulted in Diefenbaker's being ousted. With no challengers making themselves obvious yet, Clark may be safe in thinking he could survive the vote. But within the caucus, there is still a sense that some blood must be shed to appease the lion—and if it isn't Clark it will have to be someone's else to him.

"Joe Joe Joe be the goat," says Nowlan, "he has to have some sacrificial lamb." ◇

## The man who's still in Tehran

"I've been held hostage by workers two times, the harassed by creditors. The bad cheques are everywhere." That was how Douglas Browning, the Canadian who can't leave Iran, summed up his experiences last week in a telephone call from Tehran.

Back in Montreal, a business executive who had worked with Browning described him as "the guy who fell through the cracks in this whole deal." At Clark's still calls Browning weekly, but hasn't the authority to negotiate with the Iranians. That might lead to a legal action arising from multiple corporate collapse and reorganization.

The "Goat" Carleigh mentions was Canada's one great success at getting a major manufacturing contract in the Middle East. The engineering firm he and Browning worked with, Stoddard Harter Ltd., won contracts to build two paper mills on the Caspian Sea. But with the collapse of the Shah's regime, the company went under, overextended and owing about \$60 million. The Iranians were left with one mill nearly complete but coverable by anyone unfamiliar with the special Stoddard Harter design. They had a site prepared for the second mill, but the machinery for it is still on this side of the Atlantic. "But

they did have Browning, the was left behind to clean up the company's business."

The Iranian projects are now owned by Kordpak Ltd., a unit of the Texas company that had bought Stoddard Harter in 1972 from its Canadian owners. Kordpak claims to have released Browning in November, frustrated by what the company saw as his indecisive about keeping. "It was hard to tell what the cause of the difficulty was," says Alex Prosk, the company president. "We couldn't get a clear answer from him." Officials of the Canadian embassy in Tehran had similar misgivings about Browning's sincerity, according to officials in External Affairs.

But Browning did get punitive at times about his inability to leave. "He would get mad that some of the contractors are after him," says Norm Yelton,



Douglas Browning, "the guy who fell through the cracks in this whole deal"

vice-president of Kordpak. "The Revolutionary Committee wanted him and the troops were after him. He'd panic. I don't blame him."

The company owes hundreds of Iranian subcontractors and workers, many of whom have made complaints to the government or the committee. The problem is that it is the government itself that was supposed to pay the Iranian workers and suppliers, through a subsidiary of Stoddard Harter. But those payments have ceased. "I'm sure we owe money, many millions of dollars over there," concedes Yelton. "We don't know how much. All the documents are in Tehran."

Browning, 46, has always been tied by the Iranian, says Carleigh. In the country nearly six years, he was responsible for ensuring equipment made it safely from the docks to the project site.



He had been asked to quit Stadler Hunter and work for the consortium, Iran's Industrial Development Organization, a wing of the government. Browning now can travel the country freely, he says, adding "The Iranians are being extra nice to me because they desperately need help to get the project finished."

Kedus in is no need to help the Iranians at this stage, and Kedus has the designs "We don't even know who to talk to," says Tudin. "We get telegrams

signed by the Revolutionary Committee. To me talk to the Revolutionary Committee, as the government, so do you try to get an appointment with Khomeini?"

Kedus has informed less that Stadler Hunter has ceased to exist and Browning is no longer employed by them, so should be released. "The Iranians are not buying that," says Browning. "They have studied the Canadian bankruptcy laws. They completely reject the Stadler Hunter pos-

sition I wish they wouldn't." Browning has not been paid since November. There is therefore being given by his filing for back pay and expenses under the Bankruptcy Act, which would make him yet another of Kedus's creditors. Although he professes a strong urge to return to Canada, Carling is one who does not expect him to stay long. "He's a field man," Carling says. "I guess if we didn't have a job for him, he'd leave for some place like Uganda." Ian Anderson

## British Columbia

### The shine that hides the dents

For the offer of shares to a mine with no fuel, B.C. Premier Bill Bennett's announcement of a moratorium on uranium exploration and mining last week appears to have been in any case pledge to make with B.C.'s uranium potential eclipsed at less than two per cent of Canadian totals. Indications are that the province's uranium industry would have been penny ante at best. Fred Laine Resources Ltd. of Vancouver, one of the smaller uranium ventures, points out that they, like many others, have been "looking in other directions." Says Director Larry Trewhella: "Public opinion here did make for a discouraging environment for uranium exploration."

One Vancouver mining analyst noted that uranium has never been a hot issue within the B.C. mining industry. "I think it is pretty well potatoes," he says. "I don't think any of the companies were surprised at the announcement, and in many ways they are probably pleased—the present disappears now. Most of them weren't going to spend any serious money anyway."

Politically, however, the move has several good points. With public sentiment turning highly sensitive to uranium mining in the province, the moratorium provided Bennett's embattled government with an excellent opportunity for a public-the-armor-as-they-do-it-not-the-dents announcement. And by making the decision later than two days before the new session of the B.C. legislature opened in Victoria, Bennett also succeeded in stopping old NDP plans to use its heavy new research department to make uranium exploration and mining one of its top issues. It is now expected that the opposition will modify its attack and call for a ban on mining uranium until the full legislative vote is lifted. As it stands the ban has been imposed by cabinet order-



Moore of Greenpeace and Premier Bennett: politics is easy if it's enlightened

### A Geiger lesson

As a B.C. environmentalist cheered a ban on uranium mining at that province (left) residents of a tiny settlement in Northern British Columbia were alerted that new straws were being squeezed to uranium panning simply by attending school. Led by a concerned teacher called Rose Marie Schuchle Geiger, the teachers last week resigned from Black Lake School in the Chipewyan reserve community of 620, and the board closed down the school temporarily. "We made the last entry in January and health and welfare said they would come in April to take an impact," said Geiger. "but we weren't supposed to tell that kind." They don't have to. Once word of the school closing was out, and last week health hazard reports arrived by air to Black Lake last June, all public notice. But he admitted his action of the teachers and the backing they received from the band, spurred officials to act. "There is only one way to find out, and that is to do the testing. So one should remember that there has been a lot of testing in the area over the years." Dale Kitchner

It is the possibility of contamination from a uranium mine 120 miles upstream from Black Lake that causes concern about the

widely drinking water. The chief worry, however, is the leakage of radon gas given off by decaying uranium which is prevalent throughout sediment in the region, into the basement of the school where classes for the youngest children are held in the summer of 1977, as samples were taken in five basements during the school's results raised from 0.01 to 0.16 working levels—a measurement based on concentration of radon at its derivatives in the air. The generally acceptable safe maximum is 0.02, but Geiger said the tests were inconclusive because they were carried out in summer when windows and doors are open and buildings that better ventilated. "One sample," taken at one time, is simply not a valid reading of radon levels.

Dr. Patrick Pringle, a regional director of federal medical services when Saskatchewan had been a province, said that Black Lake last June was "all public notice." But he admitted his action of the teachers and the backing they received from the band, spurred officials to act. "There is only one way to find out, and that is to do the testing. So one should remember that there has been a lot of testing in the area over the years." Dale Kitchner

could be lifted anytime. Since most exploration was taking place in the Social Credit heartland of the beautiful Okanagan, the ban also ends some community handouts for several former cabinet ministers whose constituents were not employed at the prospect of uranium mines among the orchards.

The happiest voices in the matter of it all are the anti-nuclear and environmental groups. Patrick Moore of Vancouver's Greenpeace says he doesn't care whether it was a purely political move or not. "I'm so glad the premier chose this way to make some good points for his side," says Moore. "Even if it is a political move, it is an enlightened one."

For the Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility, it is a bitter-sweet victory. Under Kelowna Director John Meisner, a mass rally in Victoria was planned for less than 48 hours after the ban was announced. "We had planned and worked for weeks on a rally to hold this past weekend in Victoria," says Meisner. "I think the timing of the announcement was linked to the rally. It's a victory we get without it." Many environmentalists, however, measured the sharp loss of the half-damned, 88-million liter capacity initiated last year by Bennett, to investigate the risks of uranium mining. And while he is encouraged by the ban, Meisner still has hanging doubts. He points out that there are many other materials mined in the province, which have uranium impurities. And there is no way to prevent those traces from being shipped. "A uranium moratorium may not be that easy to enforce when you are dealing with other ores. It's not over yet." Steven Sorenson



Kigriak in the Starship Sea. Offshore through ice ridges up to 60 feet thick

Moore's dropped in last week. Kigriak was being prepared for another research voyage into the Beaufort Sea. Crewed with scientific staff and 34 crewmen and scientists, the ship is spending much of the winter battering its way through ice floes up to six feet thick and ice ridges up to 60 feet thick off Canada's west Arctic coast.

Dome wants to drill year-round for oil in the Beaufort Sea and then set up elaborate offshore production platforms. Company officials anticipate that commercial oil and gas will be produced by 1985 and predict that reserves in the Beaufort could contain 20 to 40 billion barrels of oil and from 250 to 350 trillion cubic feet of gas. Kigriak, another 14 ships in Dome's fleet are scattered in other Arctic bays—on being used in pioneering research. Ships have never before sailed in the Beaufort Sea at this time of year. Whether the research results in building other special-use ships will depend in part on the continued generosity of the federal government's tax write-off schemes for frontier energy exploration.

Under power, Kigriak's 16,000-horsepower engines transmit a mild rumble through the six-foot harbor ice a half-mile from shore. Clearly the most impressive part of the \$30-million ship is the bridge. It's a terrific climb up six flights of stairs past luxurious cruise-ship living quarters. The bridge looks like a combination of the control room of the Star Ship Enterprise and, with the four-to-eleven windows and wall-to-wall carpeting, the observation deck of a fancy rooftop restaurant.

"It's almost easy to the stage where I can be replaced by a better," said Captain Clive Cunningham, master of the Kigriak, as he towed inland and pushed buttons. Almost instantly freed out in space a navigation satellite confirmed in a series of beeps the ship's latitude and longitude and a machine printed out the details on a roll of paper. It is impressive, but what impresses the skipper most are two nets, surrounded by a pair of elaborate control consoles, one facing forward, the other aft, which allow him to manoeuvre the vessel by himself. He calls his nets "barber's chairs"—nets has a head rest and armrests, and both revolve. Levers are used to steer the ship instead of the traditional wheel.

The Star Ship Enterprise lifelines have snow added. Wild West touches. A number of high-powered rifles are arranged broadly on racks for use in polar bear country—even when the ship is way out in the ice-logged Beaufort. Captain Cunningham says some of his men were out on the ice the other day when a polar bear ambled up for a closer look. Rifle shots over its head didn't help, so from the bridge he fired a maul from his very pistol (a distress flare gun). "Nearly shot it up the air," he declared. The flare landed 10 feet from the creature, but it was enough. The bear fled. "Now Jerry little things," the skipper added. "The one was to learn them." But the captain says he has no plans to join the ship's polar bear club, "base initiation consists of a sauna, followed by a run outside in the -60°C Arctic air. In the afterglow, naturally."

It's almost easy to the stage where I can be replaced by a better," said Captain Clive Cunningham, master of the Kigriak, as he towed inland and pushed buttons. Almost instantly freed out in space a navigation satellite confirmed in a series of beeps the ship's latitude and longitude and a machine printed out the details on a roll of paper. It is impressive, but what impresses the skipper most are two nets, surrounded by a pair of elaborate control consoles, one facing forward, the other aft, which allow him to manoeuvre the vessel by himself. He calls his nets "barber's chairs"—nets has a head rest and armrests, and both revolve. Levers are used to steer the ship instead of the traditional wheel.

## How green was their valley

"Mine disaster" to Canadians with long memories means black headlines about place-names like Springwell and Spadys, Slave River, and Grey newspaper pictures of hooded groups of local ones waiting endlessly at friends for the bodies of their menfolk to be brought to the surface. Such headlines have been mercilessly scarce in recent years, then last week fire and disaster struck not east but west, in two mines in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Ironically, the real tragedy occurred in the Reef Terrace working of McIntyre Mines at Grande Cache, Alta. — a modern coal mine that won the John F. Ryan award for underground safety in 1975, '77 and '78. But a fatality last year named its record. And then last Thursday morning the rock roof literally fell in an hour Reef Terrace workers. Alwyn Gill, 44, Thomas Matthews, 35, David Thomas, 43, and Paul Wilbur, 35, were buried in the massive fall and it took rescue workers more than 24 hours to recover their bodies. Six men were working 2,500 feet from the entrance when the rock suddenly let go; one man escaped with minor injuries and one was rescued unharmed, almost immediately.

The mining families of Grand Cache live not in the impoverished frame shacks that used to house Maritimes miners, but in a class of suburban-apartments set down in the mountain wilder-

ness of west central Alberta, 10 miles from the northern tip of Jasper National Park, in the late 1960s. Conceived as a model coal-mining town, it drew, because of its top wages and survivable living conditions, miners from as far away as the Mountains and Wales. But last week death knocked on the door as aptly as in Grande Cache as it ever did in Springwell.

It was fire that struck, just as suddenly, in the Central Canada Potash Mine near Okotoks, 30 miles from Banff. The potential killer there was poisonous fumes and asphyxiation, and 21 miners were trapped underground for 10 hours. But then they walked out unharmed, thanks to a combination of

Country miner Elliott and McIntyre Mine at Grande Cache: fire and rockfall.



well-drilled safety measures and a mine with "all modern gassy gases."

The twin shafts of the Colossus mine drop 3,000 feet to working level, from which tangle spread in a grid several square miles in area. A handful men work the morning and afternoon shifts, but only 37 were down working the overnight shift when fumes erupted in a truck carrying lubricants for mine equipment. The truck crew grabbed fire extinguishers but couldn't smother the blaze. Down a nearby tunnel they found a production crew which relayed the word to the surface by telephone. An air man, close to one shift took off for the surface, supervised up top who knew where all other crews were working. Busted the alarm throughout the mine by telephone. It drove and from the miners' raised for emergency packs located in each corridor and quickly sealed themselves off from the danger of spreading fumes behind plastic sheets—barriers—which they nailed across the 11-by-18-foot corridors.

Jay Wilson, 31, and two other miners soon had themselves snag in an oily reeked 65 feet long where "there was enough air to last four or five days. We knew it was just a small fire and we were two miles from it, so if you want to know the truth it was boring. One of the guys slept through most of the night." Finally the fire expired on its own, and yet it was five hours before rescue crews wearing oxygen masks could venture into the mine to extinguish the smoldering fire and subsequently signal the all-clear.

Sharon Swann/Dan Elser

## Ontario

### After the beating, a house for sale

A nolo wedding ceremony had just been performed in the home of Helen Gossel in Woodford, Ontario. The small party, family and friends, had assembled in the living room and were quietly awaiting the tea which their host was about to serve. Then a sudden loud bang, which sounded as if someone had kicked the side of the house, startled the guests — and the tranquil scene changed abruptly.

Dharmal rushed to the front door and saw a group of teen-age boys running across his lawn. It was nothing new. Then he heard a cry of, "Ran, ran, ran the Police!" One of the teen-agers, Renato Rinal, 16, lingered. "Leave me alone, I didn't break your windows," he shouted, throwing a stick at Dharmal.

The 36-year-old East Indian, a former secretary of the local 87th Association,

## CP Air to the Orient. A time-honoured tradition.

**Orient Highlights Tour.**  
**\$3626 from Vancouver.**  
**\$3923 from Toronto.**

If this is your year to visit the Orient, this is your tour.

It takes you to Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore, the Philippines, and Malaysia.

Twenty-two days in all. All fully-scorched. And full of exotic highlights.

Here are just a few striking examples.

An evening at Tokyo's Kokusai Theatre. A Japanese Tea Ceremony at Kamakura. And a stroll around the Heian Shrine Gardens of Kyoto.

In Bangkok you'll see the gold Buddha of Wat Traimit. Enjoy lunch at the legendary Raffles Hotel in Singapore. Or relax on the beaches of Penang.

For more highlights and a colourful free brochure, call your travel agent or CP Air today.

In cooperation with Japan Air Lines

"We're out to be your airline."

**CP Air**

CP and  are registered trademarks of Canadian Pacific Limited



grained Beale by the hair, pulled him to the ground and shouted for someone to call the police. In the melee that followed, tarboled heads of the 800s clashed with the bare heads of youths in an unusual sight as neighbours watched Dhanraj struggling with a boy on the front lawn of a house in a pleasant residential area of Brampton. By the time it was over one of Beale's eyes was severely swollen, the other blackened and a nose under his eye was chipped. When the police arrived, Dhanraj and a wedding party were arrested and charged with assault causing bodily harm.

That was in the spring of 1978. The events of that Thursday evening were the culmination of what Dhanraj describes as a series of acts of racial harassment.

Dhanraj with broken 'For Sale' sign guilty but granted absolute discharge



ransacked and vandalized, and he endured since he purchased his home in 1975. Police, called on various occasions, arrived too late to catch the culprits who habitually used the Dhanraj property as a shortcut to a shopping plaza behind it. On different occasions, youths smashed windows, threw eggs, poured rocks and damaged the aluminum siding of the \$55,000 house.

Last week, almost two years later, Dhanraj received judgment of a civil assize ordering him to pay \$750 and court costs for injuries sustained by Beale. "The assize was provoked and the force used by Dhanraj was not justified under the circumstances," found Judge C.S. Lamer, who presided over the action brought by the youth's father. But the judge, in refuting the punitive damages of \$5,000 sought by the plaintiff, commented that Beale had thrown a stick at Dhanraj, was on his land and

was aware windows of his house had been broken. And earlier when provincial court found Dhanraj guilty of an assault charge based last May, Judge David Wallace granted him an absolute discharge because of the "provocation" involved. "I have no sympathy for the victim in this case," the judge said. The wedding guest charged was acquitted.

It has been a difficult time for Dhanraj, his wife, Sundika, who speaks no English, and their two daughters, aged 11 and 13, since they came to Canada 11 years ago. Brampton Police Chief John Weir says that following the Dhanraj incident a group of Sikh Indians, fearful that police were not sufficiently protecting them, had a meeting with him and Mayor Chan Bhatia. The Indian community complained of repeated racial harassment and assaults and said their children had suffered similar abuse at schools and in playgrounds. As a result a committee comprising representatives of Sikh Indians and other minority groups, the Brampton County Board of Education, the Ontario Human Rights Commission and similar agencies, was formed to combat racism in the community. "The police have quite a good handle on the situation and everyone seems quite happy now," Weir says confidently.

It may seem a little late for Dhanraj, who estimates that his court cases have cost him up to \$10,000 and has decided he must sell his comfortable Brampton home, at least in part, to pay his debts. So recently a FOR SALE sign went up on his front lawn near the scene of the encounter that resulted all his troubles. One day last week it was torn down.

Flurence Shaw

## The case of the missing slanderer

The co-wreck called a press conference to tell an incredible story of privilege being beaten, officers accepting gifts, and senior police officials listening at the scene of minor incidents to civil valuations raised by the throned. The allegations catapulted Douglas Sheldrake's 1978 campaign for election to Richmond Hill Town Council and a spot on the York Regional Council onto the front pages of local newspapers. It also brought an immediate investigation by the Ontario Police Commission into the enforcement of law and order in the 675-square-mile York region, lying north of Toronto.

Sheldrake, who had been dismissed by the York Regional Police in 1976, said 30 of his former fellow officers would back up his charges. As it turned out none of them did, despite an



Pengelly, a \$250,000 slander award

extensive three-month investigation by the commission, a report found all of Sheldrake's allegations to be groundless. The report, published just before the municipal election, produced apologies from the press and a backlash at the police. Sheldrake ran lost in a field of four candidates with less than 10 per cent of the vote.

But Inspector Leslie Pengelly, 60, whose name had figured prominently in the proceedings although no names appeared in news reports, did not wait for exoneration by the inquiry. He had already filed suit against Sheldrake, who had claimed among other things that the inspector had been fired for stealing when he was earlier chief of the Ingersoll, Ont., police force. And last week an Ontario Superior Court civil jury took less than two hours to reach a decision awarding Pengelly \$250,000 for slander—the largest slander penalty, said the inspector's lawyer, Richard Sommer, that he knew of in Canada.

Pengelly called the decision a victory for all policemen and said he launched the action because he wanted to be vindicated by a court of law. But the inspector may never see any of the \$250,000, or even recover his legal costs because Sheldrake left the country shortly after his unsuccessful election bid. He is now believed to be somewhere in the United States.

During the lengthy hearing, Pengelly's lawyer argued that Sheldrake made the allegations in a "calculated attempt to persuade the voters to elect him... he was quite prepared to destroy a man's reputation for his own selfish motives." Pengelly himself suggests his accuser may have also been at least partially motivated by "jealousy" because of his dismissal from the York force. Pengelly's hope now is that the unprecedented size of the damage award will make people "think twice before they take potshots at the police" and will restrain the press from publishing unproven and unsubstantiated stories.

Paul Soring

Montreal

## Duddy Kravitz would shed a tear

In the opening paragraphs of Mordecai Richler's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, the status of "the Jewish high school" of Montreal is already threatened by a jump in gentile enrollment. And though Richler called it Fletcher's Field High School, the institution itself is so real and rich in tradition remaining largely unknown and Jewish settlements in the St. Urban Street neighbourhood. Its true name is Baron Byrd High School, the alma mater of actors, writers Shuster and Marilyn Lightstone, police Irving Lyster and A. M. Klein, former New Democratic Party leader David Lewis, career specialist Dr. Phil Gold and, of course, Richler himself.

Now, the smell of nostalgia and fate permeates the changing immigrant area and Greek in being almost as often as English in Baron Byrd's corridors. Soon, the school may live only in the pages of Richler's novels. Last month, the Protestant School Board of Greater

Montreal (left) in front of school and Richard Richler who played Duddy Kravitz in the movie: more pride as a people



Montreal decided to close the historic school by this summer. Dwindling enrolment numbers and rising costs are the reason. But within days of the announcement, parents, teachers and students took up the cause of saving the school. Hundreds of students pledged to join the protest and last week 800 crowded into the school's gymnasium to demonstrate their support. Said alumnus and Montreal City Councilor Ed Berman: "As far as we're concerned, money is not the key issue. We could find the money." But the school board says it would save \$164,000 a year by closing Baron Byrd, where only 400 students use space designed for 500. "History lives in the hearts and minds of people, not inside concrete walls," said Berman. "We're in the business of running a school board, not preserving historic monuments."

Such monumental determination only brings out the persevering Duddy Kravitz in the school's defenders, Yvon Stieven. "The board doesn't know who it's getting involved with. We'll carry on our fight to the school board elections in June and if we have to we'll go to the provincial government. We are not giving up." But the last chapter appears to have been written on Baron Byrd. "Richard Richler: 'Maybe if we had more pride as a people we would be less inclined to destroy things'."

Myron Wallik





## World

# No longer playing Robin Hood

By William Lawler  
and Timothy Ross

For years they were best known for their Robin Hood exploits—robbing pro-government storekeepers and giving the proceeds to the neighbors. But last week Colombian M-19 guerrillas—who six years ago stole the second of Simon Bolivar the liberator and pledged war as "the exploiters of the people"—exploded on the international scene with a coup as ruthless as any outlaw act in history.

As troops from more than a dozen countries stepped onto a Dominican Republic airport Independence Day reception, green and white trade-dressed youngsters abandoned their casual soccer kick-about eagerly, perched up their gym bags and jumped through the gates of the red-tiled embassy on West Bengal's city Avenue 30. Minutes later it was all over. Taking guns and grenades from their gym bags they linked up with comrades misinterpreting as guests, blatted they way past security guards—the toll was one dead guerrilla and several wounded on both sides, and took more than 60 hostages.

Among these were 18 ambassadors, including Washington's Diego Arrese. But Canada's charge d'affaires Paul Denabee was luckier. Detained at a

meeting with Colombian officials, he never set out for the party. Also absent: four Soviet bloc envoys who somehow left early. Reports said mysterious envelopes were delivered to their chancelleries and the speculation was they had been given a tip-off.

For the rest, however, normal diplomatic routine was shattered. While the embassy doctor was on hand to care for the wounded, until Red Cross supplies were delivered next day there was nothing to sleep on and nothing to eat except cocktail party leftovers—smoked salmon or brown bread, caviar and stale meats. The guerrillas meanwhile were threatening to kill 11 French-Cuban soldiers and caps tried to intervene. They then issued a series of wide-ranging demands: \$50 million in ransom, release of 311 political prisoners and safe conduct abroad. And their leader—the self-styled Comandante Numero Uno "We are prepared to stay here for one or two months if necessary."

At week's end that hardly seemed likely. The guerrillas had freed 19 women and wounded so that talks could begin in a war pocket outside the white Panama indicated that it would grant them asylum there was no lead as to whether their demands would be met.

And whenever the sentence the uncomfortable truth was that embassies—despite the sanctity of diplomatic privilege—are now about as safe as jet-sets were a decade ago when hijacking was at its peak. They have become clearly established as the principal target

of desperate people who hope to bring their causes to international attention. In the present, diplomacy has become one of the world's most dangerous professions, especially for the Americans. In the past 10 years, five U.S. ambassadors have been murdered while serving overseas.

Worldwide there have been 26 embassy take-overs in the past 10 years, not so very many more on average, according to the state department, than in less violent times. But since 1974 the rate has increased dramatically from six more than three a year to 10 in 1979. And in 1980 so far there have already been eight attacks.

No fewer than seven of those have been in Latin America. In El Salvador, guerrillas last month took six hostages in the Panamanian embassy and won the release of seven imprisoned comrades. A dozen were released the month when the Spanish embassy was occupied.

In Guatemala, in January, militant peasants seized the Spanish embassy and 20 people were killed when security forces stormed the building, setting fire to it. That one-day action drew an official protest from the Spanish government, whose ambassador was one of the dead.

In Mexico, demonstrators peacefully occupied the Danish and Belgian embassies in an attempt to gain the release of 120 people who they claimed were political prisoners, but left after the government had said it was not holding any.



From top left, five of the released, political prisoners and five in embassy, and newsmen waiting for cover. Shooting has moved to embassy roof.

Finally, coincidentally with the Colombian hostage-taking, the Salvadoran embassy in Panama was seized by Panamanians seeking to show their support for dissidents in El Salvador. They left after two hours and freed the six hostages they had taken.

Why the sudden spurge? Said a source close to the state department's diplomatic "anti-terrorist office"—a department that has been set up to deal with the safety of diplomats—"There is no great mystery. Throughout the world, small, nationalist groups are seeking greater freedom in self-government or rebelling against repression. In frustration, many have turned to terrorism to reach their goals."

That definition fits Colombia exactly.

Officially, the country is a democracy under President Julio Cesar Turbay, elected in 1978. But in practice, says Larry Rios, director of the independent, nonprofit Council on Hemispheric Affairs in Washington, the military controls many of the top administrative jobs and the minister of defense, Luis Carlos Camacho Leiva, is far more powerful. He is probably "the most important man in the country."

As with democracy, so with drugs. Despite a recent, highly publicized crackdown on the country's rap-roaring cocaine and hash trade, illicit drug trading is still worth more than the country's major cash crop, coffee, says Rios. "Public attitude is almost unknown. There is corruption at nearly every level of government."

There is also torture of the regime's political opponents, these claim. "Our files bulge with proven cases." And Am-

group tainted its way into an army arsenal and stole 5,000 guns, bringing reprisals. But security claims to have eliminated 40 per cent of urban guerrillas are thought, by Colombian guerrillas in Bogota, to be greatly exaggerated.

In fact security generally, though particularly at embassies, seems to be porous in Latin America despite the existence of so many military regimes. But at least the embassy situation may soon be reversed. Following the latest hostage-taking, the state department said that in future all U.S. embassies would be equipped with new security measures including tape inside entrances, which will release disabling gas onto intruders, and what are described as "safe rooms"—in practice, large steel boxes—in which staff can hold out until help arrives or, at the very least, long enough to destroy secret papers. Such measures will also be available on request to the United States' allies.

That offer, however, was little comfort to the 40-held hostages occupying the Dominican Republic's Bogota embassy. As the week entered its fourth day, what was apparent in their minds, no doubt, was Comandante Numero Uno's chilling threat made in a loud radio broadcast: "If you don't plan war, be sure the group intend to leave Colombia with the released prisoners. 'If not, we will all die,' he added.

## Norway

# NATO checks the roof for holes

The official referred his visitor to a map labeled "The roof of Europe which the Soviet Union," he declared. "Our problem is simply to make sure that our half doesn't leak." To help the Norwegians keep their roof in condition, \$3,000 Western troops—including 1,000 from the United States—will arrive in the north-western town this week in a winter exercise which has been criticized by the Soviet Union as an "unfriendly" act and welcomed by NATO allies as the first opportunity since the Afghanistan intervention to flex some genuine military muscle at Moscow.

Although "Arctic Express," this year's version of the annual NATO exercise in Norway, was planned long before the Afghanistan crisis, Moscow has chosen to view it as a deliberate step to close to women Soviet-Norwegian relations and to help Washington create an "anti-ship" coalition in the North Atlantic. But such attempts to bully—

Pravda stated ominously last week that Oslo had joined Washington's anti-Soviet crusade "without giving thought to the possible implications"—have so far failed to rattle the Norwegians.

Their only public response has been to refrain from inviting Soviet observers to the maneuvers, thereby breaking with recent NATO and Warsaw Pact practice. A more significant private riposte has been to accelerate talks

Canadian artillery in Norway and (above) Defense Minister Stoltenberg, no notice



with the United States, Britain, and Canada on the pre-stocking of equipment to defend Norway in the event of a Soviet thrust.

Informed sources in Oslo say that talks have so far produced a request to Canada to leave behind "some small vehicles" when the soldiers fly home on March 19 and a decision to position enough U.S. equipment in Norway between now and the year's end to fit out a full brigade of American soldiers, or 8,000 men. Since Norway forbids the stocking of foreign troops or nuclear weapons on its soil in peacetime, these soldiers—plus crack units from Canada already earmarked for the purpose—would spring into action to bolster Norway's 30,000-man army only after fighting appeared imminent.

Norwegian preparations to receive reinforcements in the event of a crunch do not mean the country lives in dread of a Soviet invasion, nor that it res-



northern fleet, biggest of four, is based around Hordaland, a mere 124 miles from the frontier. Two divisions guard the coast, but the Soviets are aware that their surface ships (and 190 submarines—68 of which bear nuclear weapons) could only too easily be known out of the water by missiles launched from Norway. Current Soviet pressure therefore can be seen as an effort to prevent Norway from being tempted in the mounting world crisis to agree to any proposal from Washington to station tactical nuclear weapons on Norwegian soil.

Two years ago a leading Norwegian defense aide, Johan Jørgen Holst, presented a paper to NATO stating that his country's security policy "must be careful not to create tension," and adding that "the stability between the superpowers could be upset if Norwegian policy in the area threatened Soviet security." The Soviets probably couldn't agree with Holst more. The real question, however, is whether Norway itself will continue to head that message in the days times it comes.

Peter Lewis

## Middle East

### A separate peace

The protocol was heavy with symbolism. As the new Israeli and Egyptian ambassadors required last week in their embassies—Elizabet Ben-El-Mechaieh a coffee, cream and white villa in the Gôtre suburb of Dekhla, and Saad Mortada in the extraterrestrial 12th floor of the Tel Aviv Hilton—it was clear that despite the historic diplomatic exchange the differences between Egypt and Israel remained.

It was not just a matter of real estate.

Egypt's ambassador to Israel, Saad Mortada, and his diplomatic vice versa, Elzabet Ben-El-Mechaieh, another aide on the staff, met

The gift was one of approach, of intent. For Egyptians, normal relations represented one component in President Anwar Sadat's peace strategy, a pledge they are honoring to the letter—but no more. Sadat came to Jerusalem in 1977 because the Soviets had failed to solve Egypt's economic crisis or to help win more than a limited access on the battlefield. So Sadat applied to join the American club. He recognized that to earn the economic and military benefits he needed, he had to come to terms with Israel.

For the Israelis, peace with Egypt also had its strategic content—it solidified the largest army in the Arab ranks—but it also marked an end to isolation, a beginning of acceptance in the tattered fabric of the Middle East. After many petty setbacks—boycotts, delays in inaugurating commercial flights, customs men who haven't had any orders—the Israelis have come to appreciate the difference between the two perceptions. But they have to press on with full normalization, as agreed at Camp David and spelled out in the subsequent peace treaty, to make it harder for Sadat to switch into reverse.

The key to the Camp David agreement was a decision to postpone negotiations on the ultimate solution of the Palestinian problem for five years. Autonomy for the Arabs of the occupied West Bank and Gaza strip was conceived as a transitional phase, which would itself influence the terms of the eventual debate. Unfortunately for Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, things have not worked out so conveniently. Circumstances have forced each to take a more extreme position, attempting to impose his own definition of autonomy.

The problems began barely a month after Camp David. The Israelis were shocked when Jimmy Carter sent the state department Middle East expert, Harold Saunders, to sell the peace process to King Hussein of Jordan and the occupied Palestinians (unsuccessfully, as it turned out). As the Israelis read it,

Saunders was peddling Camp David as a first step toward a Palestinian state. Begin responded with a new settlement drive and the doctrine that "autonomy is for people, not territory."

On the Egyptian side, Sadat was equally alarmed by the anxiety with which Camp David was denounced by the Arab and nonaligned communities. Whatever his original ambitions, he then had to demonstrate that he was not making peace at the expense of the Palestinians.

This fundamental conflict remains.

As a result, the autonomy negotiations, due to be concluded in May, are still marking time. President Jimmy Carter's Middle East troubleshooter, Elanor, tried to achieve a breakthrough by cutting Israeli and Egyptian legislators to avoid conclusions in The Hague last week. But all he could produce for his pains was an unconvincing announcement that they had "reached the heart of the matter." It looks more and more as if neither Camp David is the only life left.

Eric Bliwer

## Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success: the extra smoothness and quality that is unmistakably Seagram's. Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



## Tales of horror from the past

Under the glittering chandeliers of the ballroom in Tehran's fashionable Hafez Hotel, a crowd of 1,500 scarred and crippled Iranians burst into fervent cries of "Allahu Akbar" (God is great) as they brandished crucifixes and burned limbs. Before them stood Mohamed Reza Pahlavi, the 41-year-old chairman of the United Nations International Commission which last week began a fact-finding mission in Iran in hopes of settling the four-month-old hostage crisis. As he addressed the throng, Reza Pahlavi was visibly moved. Their suffering at the hands of the shah's secret police and security forces, he said, was beyond the reach of even the most fertile imagination and the international community would be told of the lengths to which the regime of the shah carried the violation of human rights.

That premise, received enthusiastically by Reza Pahlavi's listeners, made at least one aspect of the commission's mandate clear—an investigation of the crimes of the shah's regime. But beyond that, none of its functions seemed certain. Indeed, the week before the crisis venture had all but collapsed due to nonunderstandings over that very issue.

President Jimmy Carter agreed to the commission only because of a "gentleman's understanding" with Iranian President Abolmohsen Bani-Sadr that the hostages would be released when it began its work or, failing that, when its

report was completed. But statements by Bani-Sadr before the commission's departure cast those terms in doubt. The commission, he said, would serve as a "court of inquiry" into the past crimes of the shah and American intervention. Its work had nothing to do with the release of the hostages. Worse still, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini announced that the Iranian parliament would be given the responsibility for deciding their fate after its election in April.

The Secretary-General Karl Waldhaug, who moderated the plan, could do little to clarify the situation, though officials at both the state department and the United Nations remained hopeful at week's end that Iran would stand by the conditions for the hostages' release set down by Bani-Sadr shortly after his election as president; self-criticism by the U.S., unfurling of Iranian assets, and an undertaking not to obstruct Iran's efforts to extradite the shah from Panama and retrieve the state that the research "philosophy."

Bani-Sadr's ability to do so seemed to depend largely on the success of his supporters in the upcoming parliamentary elections. True, chances in that regard look good. The president will enter the election still riding the wave of success from his recent election, which gave him 75 per cent of the vote, and from his appointments as chairman of the Revolutionary Council and Armed Forces commander-in-chief by the aging Khomeini. But at week's end, there was still uncertainty over the commission's work. Though it had been allowed to hear the shah's spokesman Nasseratollah Farsi and, at the other extreme, Tehran's "Iran Prison" where the secret police "interviewed" its prisoners, the students remained adamant that the hostages would not be interviewed.

Nicholas Cummings Brown/  
James Fleming

Commission from left, Adib Shady, Hector Jaramerenda, Andre Aguilera, Reza Pahlavi and Louis-Edmond Pettit are, most, witnesses the world will hear of this week's crimes



## A Reagan broadside for Bush

By Ian Urquhart

It was the morning after the New Hampshire primary and the question everyone was asking was "What happened?" President Jimmy Carter's 49-to-36-per-cent victory over that falling star Senator Ted Kennedy had been predictable enough. But Ronald Reagan's clattering of George Bush—the margin was 50 to 33 per cent—was another matter. The polls had then shown Bush leading, but for one veteran political scientist at least, Professor Robert Craig of the University of New Hampshire, the answer was simple. "A man by the name of John Brown said he was going to beat off Ronald Reagan's microphone. The networks picked it up and that was it."

Craig was referring to the bizarre incident of *The Nashville Tennessean's* penny-press debate. Bush and Reagan alone had been invited to the high-school gymnasium, but Reagan decided at the last minute that the other Republican candidate should join the debate and, acting on his own initiative, asked there to appear. Four of them did, but the *Tennessean's* executive editor, Jan Brown, refused to change the format and when Reagan attempted to make his case directly to the 1,200-strong audience, he ordered the mikes turned off.

At that, Reagan grabbed it and made

his path anyway to wild cheers, while Bush sat woodenly in place and the other four candidates stood around at desk also had an immediate stroke of good luck. The U.S. team's full training of the heavily favored Soviet Olympic hockey outfit two days before the vote. The unexpected triumph at only turned millions of Americans who don't

## Guilt by association

Down in New Hampshire when the talk shifted to foreign companies, most of the crowd's interest focused on what had something to do with the political expression of neighboring Massachusetts. But that was before Manchester Union Leader Publisher Bill Loeb (Manchester Post, Feb. 25, 1982) made the Trilateral Commission one of the top issues in last week's primary. "It is such a clear," he wrote. "But this group of extremely powerful men is out to control the world."

What was equally clear was that Loeb's choice, Ronald Reagan, had given valuable political mileage out of attacking the commission (and Bush his opponent, former conservative member George Bush) in what. Now only we expect any change in the country when people like you and John Anderson and Jimmy Carter are all members of the same organization? Both was asked at a recent forum his turned the question aside by jokingly asking whether he remembered was talking to the American Legion.

If there were a crisis it would be difficult for members of the Trilateral Commission to defend themselves. Like that redoubtable leader of American foreign policy the Council on Foreign Relations, the commission views the strong leaders of the Rockefeller family. Many of its most important American members are also figures of

in New Hampshire Reagan and with Hancy, and (right) lower Bush. "What I represent?"

After the primary, Bush sides said the incident had turned a close race into a rout. But a shrewd assessment was that, for such a minor event to do so much damage, Bush's support must have been soft to begin with. Many voters seemed to have been attracted by Bush's relative freedom and by his open-set Iowa victory. They knew little about the man or his views, which he deliberately fudged, and his decision to cut back his appearance in the last week of the campaign did not help. Voters were treated to television clips of a short-lived candidate speaking up the sun back home in Houston while Reagan and the rest of the field were still tramping around in their snowsuits.

Carter, meanwhile, was as he has managed to do everywhere so far by telling others to do the work. The president also had an immediate stroke of good luck. The U.S. team's full training of the heavily favored Soviet Olympic hockey outfit two days before the vote. The unexpected triumph at only turned millions of Americans who don't



Rockefeller said to control the world?

importance in the council. But the commission gives such lots of foreign policy a chance to make their views known in an even more direct growing group.

Formed with the strong financial support of steelmaker brother David Rockefeller in 1953, the commission stated that its purpose was to establish a "dialogue" between prominent figures in North America, Europe and Japan. Shortly before Japan left the "dialogue" room, the influence is many other areas of American policy. Later an anti-trust director named Zbigniew Brzezinski introduced an even more ambitious foreign policy program: an unknown former governor of Georgia named Jimmy Carter in a 1975 meeting in Tokyo. Brzezinski of course is now President Carter's national security adviser. Official administration advisers are only be longed to the Trilateral Commission (gov-



know the red line from the blue line into instant bloody facts but also overhauled had seen on the foreign and domestic fronts (no movement release for the Tehran hostages, and skyrocketing inflation).

Kennedy made some trouble with his criticism of Carter's handling of the economy. A New York Times-city poll

erment, executive branch officials have to resign include Vice-President Walter Mondale and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Canadian members include the likes of Mitchell Sharp, Gordon Friesen and Don Anderson.

The experiment with which the Trilateral Commission co-operated in the winning of Jimmy Carter left many people convinced that its members, and its influence, were considerably beyond discussion. Analysts of foreign policy who report that the commission might still be prone to Edward Kennedy. To conservative Republicans, the organization seemed unacceptably and its influence of the party, perceived by one of the top most conservative figures, the late Nelson Rockefeller. Moreover, many people like George Shultz's question, resent the commission as a national crisis.

At the commission itself, where button-down collars and stiff upper lips are still very much the order of the day, no one is commenting on its changes and counter-charges. The organization has other problems to think about. David Rockefeller, still the group's prime mover, announced his retirement as chief executive officer of the Chase Manhattan Bank last December. It is anticipated Rockefeller will eventually close down the multilateral international club that makes both advisors and directors roared him as an informal state adviser. But the commission's success and its influence may well turn into a barely audible soliloquy.



Republican debate foe and Democratic foe Kennedy with wife, Joan, candle

showed 72 per cent of New Hampshire Democrats disapproved of Carter's economic management. But the old worries about Kennedy's trustworthiness held too many of them back—36 per cent of Democrats said they would not vote for him under any circumstances.

Both Republicans and Democratic turnout broke records as they did in Iowa. If the enthusiasm lasts, a 30-year trend toward apathy could be reversed. But there are 36 more primaries yet to come, and even if the voters stay the course, not all the candidates will do so. In January, Kennedy said he would drop out if he lost New Hampshire. Last week, with forced brevity, he once

more claimed defeat as a victory. But while he was expected to win this week's primary in Massachusetts, his home state, Florida, Georgia and Alabama next week are likely to go overwhelmingly to Carter. And the crucial Illinois primary on March 18 might be Kennedy's Waterloo. If he cannot win in a northern industrial state with high proportions of blacks, Catholics and union members—and the polls show he is trailing badly—he will likely be written off.

Reagan comes out of New Hampshire with momentum and some major problems. He must now campaign without his resident genius John Sears, whom he fired—ironically, since Sears was the architect of Bush's dithering downfall. And Bush has spent so much already—more than \$12 million—that he is

drawing seriously near the legal ceiling of \$17.4 million. In effect he must score a quick knockout this month or fight 15 rounds with one facial arm behind his back. He could do so in Illinois. Bush's weakness he will do well there if it is just a two-man race. But to ensure that, he has to eliminate the other Republicans first. If he fails—and Reagan wins heavily—a new candidate could enter the race: former president Gerald Ford.

Understandably, Carter's people would rather face Reagan, who, with his right-wing positions, resembles Senator Barry Goldwater, who was demolished by Lyndon Johnson in 1964. "Every time I go to mass," says one Carter leader, "I light a candle for Ronnie." ◇

## Play it again, Jacob

Barbara Wellers said he wouldn't. The Christian Science Monitor said he would. The announcement was supposed to come on Feb. 12. Jacob's birthday thus was postponed until the 13th and finally came on the 26th. Even then, Senator Jacob Javits said don't know if he would run or not.

Moments before the mystery was solved last week—appropriately for such a well-orchestrated occasion, the determined came in the music room of New York's Ritz-Carlton Hotel—many Javits supporters were gloomily speculating that the senator's poor health might force him to withdraw. And the cheer that greeted his statement "I cannot wait away now... was as much a relief of tension as an expression of true feeling.

Javits certainly has plenty to contend with—and not all his problems derive from his age (75) or his disease, motor neuron which, he acknowledged, would limit his physical (though not his mental) activities. One of the last survivors of the Republican "loyal old guard," he has lost favor with the conservatives in New York state, who have vowed to run hard against him for the more-

notion. His challenger may well be Congressman Jack Kemp, a child spokesman for Ronald Reagan.

Outside his own party, Javits faces a potent Goldwater in Congressman Elizabeth Holtzman, who beat the senior member of the House of Representatives for a seat in 1972. Holtzman has made a name for herself with liberals and with the state's large Jewish population (she leads

Javits greeted by Governor Albert B. Weiss. He couldn't walk away



the effort to disport accused Nazi war criminals and in the U.S.). She sat on the Watergate investigating committee—and she is also 77 years younger than Javits. Then there is a possible challenge from former Miss America Rita Meyerson, a close political ally of New York Mayor Edward Koch and Senator Daniel Moynihan. Former New York lawyer John Lindsay, too, has been testing the waters "for the Senate race."

Javits nevertheless has a lot going for him. He has been in the Senate for 24 years and is the senior Republican on the foreign relations committee. He is said to be one of the country's hardest working legislators and has been a mover and a shaker in foreign, health insurance, foreign policy and the arts. Perhaps most importantly, the polls show he can win.

Honorary New Yorker's affection for Javits is almost matched by their dislike of his wife, Marion, who now ostentatiously shuns Washington while pending among the chic and shady Rudio 34 set. Four years ago she greatly embarrassed her husband when she got mixed up with a public relations contra-chef the shah's airline. But the Marion factor too may turn out to be an advantage for Javits. As one insider said, disliking what may be widespread sympathy among voters. "If you had the choice between steering in the Senate or staying home with Marion, what would you do?"

Catherine Fox

# Don't Let 'em Belt You! (or chain or pulley or shaft you!)

## Get a tough Case Garden Tractor with hydraulic drive.

No troublesome belts, chains, pulleys, shafts in this drive train. One lever controls direction and speed. Nobody else has hydraulic drive—nobody gets tough. Get a Case. Get a free copy of "Outstanding Yards and Gardens" planning guide and the name of your nearest Case Dealer call toll-free 800-447-4700.

In Illinois, call 800-322-4400. Ask for the Case Operator.

J.I. Case  
a Tenneco Company  
Case Power Equipment Division  
Winchester, IN 47450 U.S.A.



doing something about it.

**case**

The fringed hair, silver ties and horn-rimmed glasses of the *Grease* Hall look spawned by *Diana Keaton* in 1977 have fallen by the fashion wayside. What will replace them? Well, Keaton was recently spotted in New York sporting a new and utterly stand-for-feminine look: straight hair, heavy jeans, a bold plaid lumberjack jacket with padded shoulders and red high-heeled shoes that would make *Madre Moore* jump for joy.

When Michael Quatro was 11 years old he was known as "Little Mike," and he tackled over 100 *Lawrence Welk* "There'd be a in a ruffled shirt playing some tangram while the *Lawrence Welk* acts sat on the piano." Quatro went on to study the classics and now lives his musical influences as diverse as *Leo Tappan* and *Chopin*. Though he has been performing since the age of 3 and has sold more than 2.5 million records in his seven-album career, Quatro is probably best known as the older brother of singer Suzi Quatro, who played *Leslie Tomlinson* on TV's *Happy Days*. "I was the one who took an aptitude to see her sing," he says with some pride. Currently Quatro and his girl-friend/singer *Bethesda* (*Bowie*) *McClure*, 28, are touring Canadian arenas, concert halls and "just plain bars."

Quatro and McClure: ready to pass the pack



He's one of the few musicians on the road who travels with a full set of lucky gear. "I love Canadian men," he explains, "so after every show I'll be looking out for a local man to pass a few packs with."

"There's a line in the play that says, 'They don't know what to think until they read it in the paper,'" says actress *Chermaine King*, quoting from *David Friedman's* play *John*, which recently landed a four-month pre-Broadway run in New Haven, Connecticut. King, who played a leading role in the production, found that U.S. audiences were reluctant to react to the play until rave reviews appeared in *The New York Times*. "I love the producers," she insists on two names that would be unacceptable to people from Missouri or Ohio. "says King of casting plans for the Broadway run. Though King stands as though she's talking her way out of a job, the producers seem to agree with her. The latest name bandied about for King's role is *Laura Bacci*.

"Asking me to play *Hemlock* Baccini is like asking *Garrett King* to play *Woody Allen*," protests comedian *Rich Morais*. Nevertheless, Morais plays *Bogie* opposite *Second City* graduate *Gene Thomas*' version of *Clayton Kopp* in a CBC rewrite of the famous final scene from *Casablanca*, which is



Morais, Thomas: *Casablanca* revisited

featured in the variety special *Mr. Smith Goes to the Movies* on March 28. Morais, 35, who claims that being "short, young, pudgy and fair-haired" makes him the antithesis of Bogart, says the "new" ending that the CBC has dreamed up for *Casablanca* involves the revelation that *Clayton Kopp*, the sympathetic police inspector, was also having an affair with *Ingrid Bergman*. Other spoofs in the same show include a revamped *Dracula*, a take-off on Swedish films and a "serious" interview with *Joe Bellomo* conducted by host *Grant Tinker*. In the meantime, Morais has teamed up with Winnipeg wanderlust *Ran Finkelman* to produce 1989, a "buggy current affairs show without a laugh track."

Dances may be dying but dancing will never stop. While New Wave's back up and down doing the Figo, the older trends at New York's go-to-park Studio 54 are into a dance that involves crawling over and fudging one another. The dance was developed by singer *Taddy Pendergast* as an excuse to U.S. speedwalking and modicum *Eric Burdon*. "His movements on the ice are as natural for the disco floor," explained Pendergast.

"After all the ingenuos I've played, I needed to be more comfortable playing *Ben*," says Toronto actress *Kate Lynch*, whose most recent portrayal was of never-goes-another *Prayer* Ottawa singer *CHARLOTTE WHITTON*



Lynch ingenuos as Charlotte Whitton

(who died in 1976). Lynch, 31, is up for a Canadian Film award (*Genie*) for her role as spunky bad-on-walls straight-lady opposite *Bill Murray* in the second-setting *Meatballs*, which grossed more than \$20 million in its first 40 box-office days last summer. *Major Charlotte* will air on CBC next fall, and Lynch says adoringly "Charlotte was an amazing woman—really strong and determined to get her own way, by hook or by crook. She could be a martyr and a shrew!" It's a beefy role, but hardly glamorous, as *Ingenuos* Lynch admits. Whitton "had a face only a mother could love."

Through director *William Friedkin's* *horror* *Disco-Inch* job on *Ingenuos*, *Crawling*, did a whopping \$2-million box-office in its first five days, the gay community verdict on the film is strictly "six six six." *Willie* Voice columnist *Arthur Bell*, who led last summer's gay attack during the New York *Stonewall*, says the movie is "very ugly and the politics of it are even more repulsive." At a recent press conference, Bell was asked to discover that Friedkin had included three of his articles in a press kit, without prior approval. Friedkin responded the insult to Bell by stating that research for the plot of *Crawling* was based on a 1977 gay underground story by Bell, *Looking for Mr. Gaybor*. "Why the hell don't you pay me then," shrieked an outraged Bell, who says Friedkin "has taken the skeletons framework of my stories and put the skeletons in the movie." Curiously, Bell is considering his legal rights, though he says he would prefer "not to have anything to do with that bum."

After killing an young people and seriously wounding seven others, "Ben of Ben" *David Berkowitz* was sentenced to six terms of 30 years to life, which he is now serving at Attica state prison in New York. Recently Berkowitz began a letter-writing campaign to help the victims of crime. So far New York Governor *Hugh Carey* and State Attorney-General *Robert Abrams* have removed letters signed by Berkowitz. In a letter to the State Crime Victims Board, Berkowitz explained: "I have a lot of ideas about improving the criminal justice system and the crime victim compensation board, but I don't know enough about it. I am asking for any information you can supply me—pamphlets, booklets and anything printed about the operation."

"He was definitely not the rugged outdoors type—more the genteel outdoors type," reminisces *Valeria Holmgren* about her father, *Fredrick*, a West Coast legend best known for his essay (*Masters of the Ivory*) and his defiant writing on *Archibald*, which has been compared to *Frank Walker's* *The Complete Angler*. None of *Hugh Brown's* four children seems to have inherited that passion. "I can sit a great fly-on-the-leaf," admits *Valeria*, the oldest daughter. Before her death at 48 in 1975, the high-society *Hugh Brown* was also a cougar-watcher, conservationist and local magistrate. After slogging through 130 boxes of his memorabilia at the University of British Columbia, *Valeria* offered a just-published collection of *Hugh Brown's* insightful wacky stories called *Woods and Snow*. *Taken*: She promises to include in the remaining two volumes of his work the

memoir of a Victorian afternoon he spent with his austere grandfather and the nightly rumpled next-door neighbor—*see* *THE NEWS WEEK*.

When the Academy of Canadian Cinema unveils its first *Genie* Awards on March 28, the stage will be cluttered with what must be the largest assemblage of cinematic talent assembled in Canada. *Jack Lemmon*, *Margot Kidder*, *Norman Jewison*, *Lee Majors*, *Sally Kellerman* and *Donald Sutherland* will all be on hand. Joining them will be *Niagara Falls* starlet *B.D. Winters*, whose first film, *Tommy's Island*, premieres at the



Winters: the woman who really wants up

Canada Film Festival in May. *Island* is the story of a man, a woman and a gorilla who encounter each other on a tropical isle and evolve into an unconventional marriage a true, in which the ape goes human and the man, played by *Richard Gere*, goes ape. Though the film is described as "erotic," *Winters* claims that it contains one of the most delectable times ever graduated in Canada. After the "encounter" with the gorilla, *Winters* returns to *Harvey* and he confounds her, *Winters* being, to pose the classic question: "You've been with him again, haven't you?"

Edited by *Martha Boulton*



# Out of hockey and listening still for that distant drum

By Trent Frayne

**P**arents will be pleased to hear that Eric Nesterenko hasn't abandoned the quest. He's still willing to bear that distant drum. He still listens to the wind.

"Nearer the Quarter" was different than most hockey players—more thoughtful, more curious, more in search of, eh, fulfillment beyond pay day. He never found it, though. He played for 20 years in the National Hockey League, the first four in Toronto and 16 in Chicago, and he was still looking when he left in 1972.

Once when Nester was nearing the end of his long term, he was tooling along an expressway on the outskirts of Chicago and his glasses fell upon a big outdoor pleasure-dancing rink. The day was bitterly cold and the rink empty, bathed in the better, unseen sunlight of winter. He sped down an exit ramp, dove to the rink and pulled an old pair of skates from his trunk. He threw off his coat and for the next 45 minutes he skated around and around on the glimmering wind-swept sheet.

"It was like when I was a kid in Flin Flon," Eric remembers. "Nobody was there and all I could hear was the wind. It's Flin Flon back then, the lakes would often freeze by early October. The snow wouldn't come till much later so you could skate for miles. I was free. You know?"

Eric is 46 and now he has a job, he says, looking for that freedom. He's defensive about it, of course. "I ought to grow up and get a serious job," he says.

"Nearer the Quarter" had been exposed to skating a couple of times over the years but, being Eric, he was enchanted by the elusive majesty of the Blackhawks in a visit to Arizona, Colorado, a couple of winters ago. He'd skied enough to be able to get a job on a ski patrol.

"We did mountain rescue work, brought injured people down the slopes and dealt with avalanche control," he says. "In the last year I've become a ski instructor. I hope to go on sking the rest of my life. It's in terrible shape, I

wish now what I weighed as a rookie in Toronto."

Eric has a wife, Barbara, who understands him as few people do. She's at their Chicago home with their three teenage children while Eric searches for himself among the avalanches.

"We've been married a long time," Eric says. "After 19 years, we're not kids. Barbara has a good job as a pay-



chiatric social worker in Chicago and the kids are doing great in high school. I guess when I left hockey I saw into that middle-age crisis bullshit, drank too much, all that. Skating's helping me."

Eric says that in his five years in pro hockey the game was intensely demanding and exciting. That lasted for 10 years and included a Stanley Cup win by the Hawks in 1962. When he first went up with the Leafs from the junior Toronto Marlboros he got a lavish welcome because by then the Marlboros had moved from Flin Flon. As a student at North Toronto Collegiate, Eric got a local buy-makers-good reception in which he was warmly compared to Howe, Apke, Cassenich and Richard, and the Star Weekly did a 2,500-word piece on him on the strength of two goals in his second NHL game.

Oddly enough, Nester didn't quite live up to the billing. "I used to go skating



alone on Grosvenor Road to get away from the crap," Eric remembers.

His first exposure to skiing came in the summer of 1963 when he went holidaying to Chile. He took a train from Santiago to an area called Porfiro where skiers were falling off mountains, the way skiers do. Naturally, Nester tried it. "I fell in love with it."

Subconsciously, maybe he was thinking of skating after he quit playing hockey eight years ago. He went to Lausanne, Switzerland, to coach hockey and in his spare time took cable cars to the mountains, looked around at the endless ranges of snow and peaks, drank the pure air and skied down.

"I was burned out with hockey, mentally and emotionally," he reflects. "That was all to far removed from the other. The NHL game seemed for little boys. The trend appeared to be towards violence, headbutting. The elegance, flow and continuity were fading. I was on a downer towards competitive sports. I liked the idea that you could ski and not have to beat anybody."

Later, back home, he coached the Trail Smoke Eaters in the shadow of Red Mountain where he soon was filling spare hours with the ski patrol.

He dabbled in other things. Back home in Chicago he worked at a recreation centre running the hockey school, even took an acting job with CBC TV a year ago, called by producer Ralph Thomas to perform in a holiday drama, *Crossed Minds*, which dealt with the blood and thunder outside of the game.

These days, Nester doesn't have much time or patience for hockey. "I saw a game on television a while back between Vancouver and Colorado," he says wistfully. "I couldn't believe the mediocrity. There was no passing, no teamwork, only rugged violence. Most of the players I saw should have been in the minor leagues, only about eight have any credentials at all. I spent 20 years up there and I never heard of most of them."

For "Nearer the Quarter" nothing looks the way it should. So there he is, out there searching

# Save on **Maclean's** and get this magnificent wall map of Canada at no extra cost.

Picture this giant wall map in your den, study or children's room!

- Over 3 ft. wide x 2 ft. high
- Created in full color, with special hand-toned effects
- Shows you all the provinces, towns, cities, lakes, rivers, parks etc. in clear, easy-to-read detail
- Printed on heavy quality paper, ready for mounting

Best of all, it's your Bonus Gift with a money-saving subscription to Maclean's!



**YOUR BONUS GIFT**

When news breaks—in St. John's, Victoria or somewhere in between—it's ready for it. With your bonus map of Canada, you'll be able to pinpoint the national hot spots. And with Maclean's, you'll get the whole story—lively, in-depth coverage of all the news that matters. World as well as national news. Plus business, sports and entertainment... science, travel, people... and much more. All brought to you from a uniquely Canadian perspective.

Act now to get Canada's only weekly newsmagazine (plus a valuable bonus at no extra cost) while specially-reduced rates are still in effect.

**37 ISSUES ONLY \$12.98**

(Reg. \$37.00 at newsstands, \$12.87 by sub.)

Clip and mail to:  
Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

**Maclean's**

Box 1400, Second Street East, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B5

## BONUS GIFT & SAVINGS COUPON

- ☐ Please send any of Canada's my GIFT plus 37 weekly issues of MACLEAN'S for only \$12.98 (EST. 00¢ at newsstands, \$12.87 by reg. sub.)
- SAVE EVEN MORE**
- ☐ Please send 10 issues of Canada's my GIFT plus 30 weekly issues of MACLEAN'S for only \$19.95 (EST. 00¢ at newsstands, \$12.87 by reg. sub.)

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Phone Code \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Send Code \_\_\_\_\_

SP 26-2

# Full speed ahead, no one at the wheel



By Ian Anderson

Over the past year, Ottawa's bureaucrats have spent some \$50 billion—and shaked up \$8 billion in national debt—without formal approval from Parliament. When the bureaucrats in one department needed money, they simply went to other bureaucrats in the Treasury Board and got what they needed. The system is efficient, say the bureaucrats. "But it is improper," is the jarring opinion of a Treasury Board official. "The government has to settle down to the business of supply. Parliament should be supreme."

Because of political upheaval—two elections in nine months—Parliament has not passed a budget since Nov. 30, 1978. Parliament has yet to approve an estimate for how much it will spend in the current fiscal year. Twice that estimate—shared with a government and now it will never be approved, because all the money will have been spent before the House recesses. It is a salute to the system that it can carry on quite nicely on itself without interfering with the work of the elected representatives.

The problem is that the system can-

government debt—currently running at a staggering \$60 billion. Combined, these costs have swollen so alarmingly in the past three months that the next Liberal finance minister may wish he had been laid up on the way to filing his nomination papers for the last election.

In January of last year it cost Ottawa \$4.60 to subsidize importing a barrel of foreign oil. By last October, eight months later, the subsidy had jumped to \$11.35. Now it is \$13.10 a barrel. And Canadians will import 600,000 barrels a day. While Alberta oil sells for \$24.75 a barrel, imported crude costs an average of nearly \$35.

So Finance ministers Crofton (left), Chrétien (center) and Mulroney (right) are making sure that the rising subsidy per barrel of 600,000 imported barrels daily



not change its direction. Like a windup toy, it can only have along in the direction in which it was first pointed—and in this case the direction was chosen two November days ago by Jean Chrétien, then the finance minister. Since then, the system has not had the ability to alter its spending to meet any new requirements. In more stable times, this problem might be of only academic interest. Not now. Major debt overruns in two areas are swelling an already obese deficit.

Most serious is the rocketing cost of subsidizing imported oil. As Canadians as the East pay no taxes for gasoline and heating oil than Canadians in the West. Also pressing is the rising cost of paying the interest charges on the federal

How does Ottawa meet these unexpected costs when Parliament is not sitting? "It's simply a matter of borrowing more," explains a senior finance department official. For the fiscal year ending this month, it must borrow about \$1 billion more than expected. How much more will be required next year is a matter for the new finance minister. Someone he will have to curb borrowing while adhering to Trudeau's pledge to allow government spending to rise no faster than the growth of the economy, as measured by the Gross National Product. But such a pledge will be hard to keep with GNP expected to rise no faster in 1980 than a sluggish one or two per cent. A one-per-cent increase in federal spending, after accounting for inflation, would add about \$800 million to the budget. It will run that much just to pay the increases in interest rates that was required this year to keep holders of Canada Savings Bonds from cashing in their \$20 billion worth and opening new high-interest savings accounts.

Of course all this is of some concern to the bureaucrats who are making up the nation's bills are being paid. There is perhaps more concern, however, that they keep getting regular authority to carry on their spending. This authority comes in the guise of government's warrants, a somewhat since responsibility really comes from the cabinet. Twice the bureaucrats have had to scramble to keep the machinery working. Once, in mid-November, the department of supply and services actually had to order that all government cheques be held up briefly until a stalled Parliament agreed to approve an interim supply bill. That bill extended spending authority through to the end of last year. Then, when the government fell unexpectedly Dec. 13, all departments were sent scrambling to prepare detailed spending requests for the Treasury Board. In turn, the cabinet approved warrants to cover \$3.3 billion in spending between January and April.

"That was not a very pleasant," Crofton says. "Treasury Board directors, a board not given to overstate itself."

## Mining the store

Nor does Crofton. He could be forgiven for feeling so. Now that investors are clamoring for Teck stock and corporate leaders are willing to let him look back on the years when his Vancouver-based Teck Corp. Ltd. was a dark horse among mining companies with the gruffly known fact that his investment strategies were dead on. It was clear all along to Keenl, son of Teck's founder and president, that the



company's role was "not to be a caretaker of existing mines, but a builder." And he did, throughout the dark years of B.C. mining between 1959 and 1978 when exploration and development of new mines almost ground to a halt and more conservative companies like Cominco Ltd. and Placer Development Ltd.—subsidiaries of the giant CP and Noranda empires—decided to play it safe and administer existing sites. Teck, on the other hand, thrived through the 1970s, opening three mines between 1973 and 1978, including the \$60-million Afton copper and gold mine near Kamloops which has become its crown jewel. Analysis of the company's 1978 net value of the company to \$300 million today from \$20 million in 1969. When increasing world metal prices and a faltering Canadian dollar brought mining companies back into the limelight, Teck was poised to ride the boom.

Today the rapturous penny-wick era is safely in the past and Teck has enough pluck-carpet respectability to attract a former star of the Liberal cabinet, Robert Andrus, who was named senior vice-president last month. Despite rapid growth in assets and profits, which quadrupled in 1979 to \$240 a share, Teck will recently had no more senior officers than it did as a \$40-million company.

Keenl himself is the paradigm of a modern mining executive, a broad smile from the old guard of mining men, engenders more at home in the boardroom than in the boardroom. The genial and soft-spoken 40-year-old who is green to wearing an armband with his cowboy hat, earned a doctorate in mineral engineering from the University of California.

Until the late of his career, and an attention to academics brought him back into the fold of the faculty business in 1962. "I only intended to

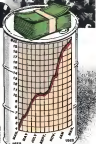


Keele Sr. (left), Keenl Jr., testing smog

become a university professor," laughs Keenl, sitting in his own turned office above Vancouver's Burrard Inlet. While Keenl Jr. is credited with giving Teck its drive and energy during the past decade, the original force behind the company is his father and namesake, Norman Keenl, who remains president of Teck. The elder Keenl planned the use of aerostatic prospecting and with it discovered and developed the rich Taseanque copper mine in Northern Ontario in 1964. Taseanque became Copperfields Mining Corporation, a Keenl-controlled company which now holds 80 per cent of Teck (Frankford-based Metallgesellschaft A.G. of Germany owns another 20 per cent and the rest of the company is widely held.)

Teck Corp. itself was formed in 1963 through the merger of several junior mining companies. By the early 1970s, when it was moved to Vancouver from Toronto, Teck had acquired as many as 100 properties with the aim of developing them in the future, a strategy Keenl Jr. says was little understood by investors who shared the company's stock. As executive vice-president of Teck, Keenl Jr. took this policy assessment of properties and forged it into today's vigorous company—a solid chain of six mines across the country producing gold, silver, copper, molybdenum, zinc and uranium.

Teck may have reached the big time, but its philosophy is not going to change. Industry analysts worry that the speculative balloon of metal prices may soon collapse, aggravated by a U.S. recession. Keenl is not overly concerned. "A recession is relevant in terms of financing," he says, "but in relation to building mines it's not going to change our style." Thomas Hopkins



# Glitter goes a-courtin'

Those longing for signs, however small, that Canadian entrepreneurs are actually doing something to strengthen the country's name overseas—not to mention bolstering Ottawa's petroleu balance of payments—definitely in manufactured goods—might see a glimmer, instead a glitzer, of hope in a small, unpublished trade show that took place this week in Tokyo. Dealing about \$1 million in gold and silver—crafted into an assortment of chains, bracelets, pendants and women bangles and beads—11 of Canada's 268-jewelry manufacturers were plying their wares at Tokyo's World Import Mart, hoping to hook in on the growing Japanese yen for Western-style jewelry.

Sales may be small, but says Bill Van Zant of the federal department of industry, trade and commerce and organizer of the mission, at least it's a start. Indeed, in terms of sales of Canadian jewelry in the Orient, they're lagging this year may turn out to be the proverbial leap forward. Sales to Japan last year totalled just \$700,000—but that was an increase of more than 200 per cent from just two years before. This year's Japanese fair is not the first federally sponsored foreign jewelry showcase but it's the most extensive so far, costing Ottawa about \$25,000 by the time display costs, security, translations, in-Orient advertising and other details are added up. That doesn't include the estimated \$250-a-day minimum each jeweller paid (privately for hotel and meals). "It takes five to seven years to become well-established in the Orient," explains Christine Olsky, a director of Treasury Canada Ltd. of Vancouver, who made

her first trip to Japan in 1976. Last year her firm did about \$48,000 in Japan, this year—bolstered by this week's fair—she hopes to double that, maybe more.

Canada's total jewelry exports worldwide last year came to about \$22 million, with the largest amount—about \$7 million—going to the U.S. Though trade missions such as last week's foreign trip to Japan are considered an important thrust, the U.S. remains the prime target. "It's got to be the most lucrative market," says Van Zant. "Customs are stricter, language and trading is the same and our designs are acceptable to U.S. customers." Design is a more important feature than many would realize.



Willy Semmler (above) and his award-winning collection spotlights

tion, and Canada has precious few top jewelry designers. Even those who are considered top-of-the-line, such as Toronto's prize-winning Willy Semmler, concede that competing in larger world markets is difficult "unless you have a product that's really going to blow their minds."

Van Zant is all for trying. "We're not export-Orient aggressive enough, because we really haven't had to compete like some small European countries," he says. "Jewellers, like other Canadian manufacturers, have to get off their asses." One of the problems may be the traditional cottage-industry nature of Canadian jewelry. Of the 268 jewelry manufacturers and refiners in business in 1977, only about 15 per cent had more than 50 employees, and most of these are small, privately owned family firms.

Other problems confronting jewellers this year in the soon to be metal price, with no one sure where gold and silver prices will settle, or even whether they will drop back sharply. The difficulties in causing uncertainty among retail buyers both at home and abroad and may hurt Canadian exports this year. A bump on the surface? Maybe, but says Van Zant, Canada's half-dozen or so top jewelry manufacturers can compete with any in the world and should get out there and do it.

Victor Peddy

## Well, there goes the neighborhood

Now you own it, now you don't. There is a touch of house-pocus to it, but that hasn't stopped thousands of North Americans from giving the latest real estate craze—the time sharing, buying vacation homes by the week in the month. It's at least in 40 states; you own the property outright, but only for a set period of time each week the new owner moves in. And so on. Time-sharing has ballooned into a billion dollar industry since the concept was reported to the United States from Europe five years ago, along others were undeniably laudable within the reach of middle-income families—for an average price of \$4,000, plus maintenance fees. "It's a way to give people a piece of the pie, a slice of the good life. For one or two weeks a year, it allows them to live as if they were rich," proclaims realtor-developer Keith Townbridge, a former university professor from Simco, Ontario, who now prefers beaching south of the border managing the 12 time-sharing resorts he owns in Florida and the Bahamas and whose first Canadian franchise development is under way in Mont St. Anne, Quebec.

In Canada, where a fledgling real estate projects had sales of about \$20 million in 1979, 10 to 15 new projects are already on the books for 1980-81 and Canadian sales are projected to reach \$100 million within three years. With no capital besides, to reduce would-be weekly acquirers' most of Canada's time sharers are clustered in the Rockies and the Laurentians to attract skiers. "People think there must be a catch," says a slightly exasperated Julie Merello, marketing manager at Industrial Development Corporation, whose about 100-acre inn and Resort Club on Lake Simcoe, the first time sharing resort in Ontario, is still only 25 per cent sold and committed after five months of hard sell.

In the end, it's the customer who makes or breaks a project—as much as half of industry sales come from repeat or word of mouth. One recent convert who now carries time share brochures around in his briefcase is Robert Patterson, a Toronto insurance broker who, in hoping to keep one of his three off-season weeks at Lake Simcoe for a week in Torquay, England through a complicated exchange system, ended up with more than 200 time-share resorts around the world. Unlike some time-share owners who look on their time-share units as an investment, Patterson sold his \$3,000 purchase as a "guaranteed holiday for three weeks a year for the rest of my life—whether I want it or not."

Gillian MacKay

Courvoisier: The Brandy of Napoleon

## For the record

GET HAPPY!  
Chris Costello and the Aristocrats  
(J&R)

Twenty cuts on one album is kind of a gift, even if the kindness does seem a little mathematical. Rich sparingly pro-



duced by Nick Lowe, the songs average about 2½ minutes and are dominated by organ sounds that recall Yoko. In the context for one's attention, *Hotel Matches*, a masculine waltz, and *Just As*,

an especially acidic romantic comedy, are early starters. With more time, the rest emerges as variously shaded units of modern life (but, thanks to Costello's strength as a singer and lyricist, seem only slightly fragmentary). Anybody should be able to come away with at least four favorites.

PETER DINKUS  
Petersburg  
(GMA)

Few records this year will likely be as good as this debut by a four-piece British band which has its lead vocalist Chris Dinkus (who also plays guitar and wrote most of the 13 cuts) a singer with tricks and charms equal to Skene's Deborah Harry. *Brown is Power* should be their *Heart of Glass*, but there are no easy comparisons for Dinkus's easy performance on *Provision* and *Tattoo Love Boys*.

BAD LUCK STREAK IN DIAMOND SCHOOL  
Warren Devor  
(Asylum/NCA)

Looking as he does the shades of Elton and Poud in his dedication to Ken Miller ("I'll sing for you," "the letter maker"), aka Ross Macdonald, Devor

gives himself highbrow airs that the pedestrian lyrics and music fail to live up to. Assisted by assorted professional musicians, Jackson Browne, Glenn Frey, J.D. Souther et al, he essays all kinds of styles, new rock, old rock, country rock, interludes of strings—but so what? None of it is as interesting as the urgency of his deep voice would have us believe.

END OF THE CENTURY  
Ramones  
(Sire/NCA)

After a couple of hitless, the muffled quality of Phil Spector's production is no longer a nuisance, and the band's trade mark, irretrievably simple and fast-dance rhythms, are less undiminished. *Do You Remember Rock 'n' Roll* and *Rock 'n' Roll High School* first dangerously with nostalgia but the group is staid enough to carry it off. Despite their affected stomp, the Ramones also write ingenious lyrics. Such songs as *The Return of Jackie and Judy* and *I Can't Make It on Time* are, no matter how tongue-in-cheek, refreshing looks at the lost and the lonely.

David Livingstone



## All you need to know

Can be found in our colourful season booklet  
Full schedules, cutting, ticket ordering information, concert dates, accommodations and more

For your free copy, write  
STRATFORD FESTIVAL  
Stratford, Ontario

or call long distance to Stratford  
(519) 271-4040

28th Season-Canada  
Artistic Director, Robin Phillips

June 9 to November 9

## Festival Stage

Twelfth Night  
Henry V  
Titus Andronicus  
Much Ado About Nothing  
The Seagull

## Third Stage

Brief Lives  
Henry VI

## Aston Stage

The Beggar's Opera  
Virginia  
The Servant of Two Masters  
The Gin Game  
Bosoms and Neglect  
Foxfire  
King Lear  
Long Day's Journey Into Night

# Stratford 1980



## The right move starts with U.

Most people don't move often enough to become experts on moving companies. Sometimes a name is all you go by.

Well, United Van Lines is the name you should remember.

We know the business and delivered on time. We know our computerized scheduling makes sure your goods are picked up and delivered on time. We know our container service offers a safe, secure move because your container is sealed until delivery. And whether your container goes directly to your new destination, or remains in storage, our computer knows where it is every day.

United Van Lines. We're the name to remember. Because you don't move every day—but we do. Look for us in the Yellow Pages and United.

UNITED: We Move.



williance on employees could include "increased psychological stress, loss of privacy, reduced sense of personal dignity, and strained relations with supervisors."

The demands of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers for the removal of the inefficient punch badge system and TV probably will get more public airing than most contract benefits because of an important arbitration award in a recently-announced dispute last May in Toronto. Ronald Klein, a professor at Osgoode Hall Law School, ordered the owners of the Parlolex Kaiting mill to remove five TV cameras from the factory's production area—including one that beamed directly at the door to the women's washroom. He described their use for monitoring employees as "unusually offensive in human terms." But Klein's decision, with its references to Orwell and Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*, and the ensuing rush of educational private members' bills in the Ontario legislature, only underscored the sad fact that, in Canada, there is no such thing as a common law ban on employer-like surveillance.

Three of Canada's western provinces—British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba—have had some form of privacy legislation for some years, but only a single case—one which had no application to the workplace—has ever been heard under their provisions. Last year, Manitoba amended its laws to ban the use of any type of truth-testing on job applicants in the private sector after a number of four, looking for juncure work at a Winnipeg re-education clinic, refused to be strapped up to a polygraph and grudgingly left her personal life. Her detectors, along with their ever less reliable cousins, voice stress analyzers, are making a big comeback among trusting employers in the United States, where one enterprising electronics firm has plans to market a \$299.95 model that you can wear like a wristwatch.

Pre-employment testing, perhaps the newest twist in the job surveillance trend, also includes basic writing analysis and psychophysical testing, which increasingly are employed to weed out undesirable, or sometimes simply less suitable, job candidates. A recent series of articles in *The New York Times* attacked perhaps the bluntest pre-employment test: several personality questionnaires in the United States have been genetically testing job seekers to determine their vulnerability to diseases caused by exposure to highly toxic substances. The tests, performed in conjunction of civil rights legislation, are said to exclude those most likely to be affected by hazardous working conditions—apparently a cheaper proposition than cleaning them up. ☐

## Health



DICK HARRIS

## Chewing gum, eschewing cigarettes

Ucar, forgoing 70,000 pleasure cigarettes

Few of Canada's 6.5 million smokers will deny that pulling on a slow form of suicide. Many, though, have also found that trying to quit can seem like only a faster, more agonizing way of reaching the same end. Although it was once considered, it became evident last year at a symposium on quitting held in Toronto by the College of Family Physicians of Canada that the money was far more than merely a bad habit. Graphs showing the chances of permanent escape from alcohol and heroin addiction were superimposed on one for tobacco addiction. They were identical.

"This was a real eye-opener," says Dr. Bernard Marlow of Toronto, "the most surprising argument yet that smoking is a physiological addiction and not just a habit." But what was also "very definitely an eye-opener," he says, were reports on what at first must have sounded like just another, all-too-simple aid to quitting: a nicotine-containing chewing gum called Nicorette. Now, however, after less than a year of prescribing it, Marlow and other doctors are expressing uncharacteristic enthusiasm. Says Gary Handelman, director of marketing and sales for Dow Pharmaceuticals of Toronto, which manufactures and distributes the gum in Canada: "We've received about 200 letters from doctors, which is quite unusual. Frankly, I've never seen anything like this."

Although the gum was introduced without much fanfare, Handelman estimates there are now between 5,000 and 10,000 practitioners being written for it every month in Canada. Chewed on a need basis, it releases enough nicotine to prevent physical withdrawal symptoms and at the same time forces the patient to concentrate on breaking the psychological and social dependency. While the gum contains more nicotine than a cigarette, the drug is released slowly, and unlike what happens with every inhalation of cigarette smoke, there is no pleasure signal sent to the brain, that fleeting but rewarding rush a pack-a-day smoker experiences 70,000 times a year. With the exception of the nicotine, the body also no longer has to contend with the 4,000 or so chemicals generated by lighting a cigarette.

The gum was developed in Sweden where it has been used in hospital smoking clinics for 30 years. Studies there indicate it may be by far the most successful approach yet in quitting. 68 per cent of those who chew the gum for at least four weeks (the "nicotine window," says Marlow) have remained nonsmokers in follow-up studies as many as three to four years later. Although it's too early for comparable Canadian studies, Marlow says that among his patients 50 to 70 already seem to have successfully quit. "In the past our record as physicians was dismal. In the entire eight years I've been in practice I had never persuaded 10 people to quit." One of his patients, Herbert Ucar, a pack-a-day smoker until four months ago, admits the gum relieves the urge completely, but adds: "I never chewed gum before. In fact I hate the damned thing. My jaw got tired." Wayne Clark



**SPRING  
IN THE CITY  
99.9 CKFM**  
THE SOUND OF OUR TORONTO

## Brunch with Bach

"Brunch Brunch a soft treat!"  
 John Kingdon, Clavin & Wolf  
 "Brunch with Bach a great idea!"  
 Pensive, thoughtful, smooth.  
 Enjoy jazz, croissants, brunch,  
 coffee and live classical music.

March 5 - Rosemary Landry soprano

March 16 - Classical Music with  
 children in mind

March 25 - The Brass Company  
 George Simpson, John  
 Graham, James Spring

March 30 - Vancouver Chamber Quartet  
 Henry Jagann (soprano),  
 Guillermo Silva-More  
 (baritone), Norman Kraft  
 (guitar), Karole Silver (piano)

Free admission to all events

Doors open 10:30 am  
 Concert starts around 1 pm.  
 Concert/Brunch 20 (seated/food)  
 Concert/Brunch 20 (seated/food)

PLAZA RESERVES SEAT FIRST

Harbourfront  
 1100 BAYVIEW AVE. #100

226 Queen's Quay West, 504-6435

## Show Business

# Germ fanfare



The setwork in Antarctica, the German  
 science-fiction, fantasy and adventure

A unusual Japanese vein is their  
 budding in the tiny town of Kitchi-  
 wing, Ontario, but this one isn't a  
 variation of the Hong Kong bit and it  
 wasn't leave anyone waiting. This *Virus*  
 is a \$15-million Japanese feature film  
 that is going to give the Canadian film  
 industry a bumper shot of \$4.25 million.  
 A few million dollars might not seem all  
 that impressive in a country that played  
 host to a slew of feature films last year  
 and saw production hit the \$200-million  
 mark. Certainly there were (and are)  
 higher budgeted pictures filming on Cana-  
 dian soil—many of them. Adding  
 under might leaves just long enough to  
 receive tax incentives and government  
 funding to pay for high-priced ex-  
 patriate stars and directors who pick up  
 budget checks and run back home.  
 When the Japanese take *Virus* away  
 in April, all of the \$4.25 million spent on  
 Canadian cast, crew, studio and sup-  
 port facilities will stay in Canada.

Which is a notion that film all those  
 profiting from the reflected light of the  
 great Canadian film boom will give.  
 "As an outside production, this film is  
 unique," says Brian Villeneuve, an On-  
 tario ministry of industry and business  
 film consultant who served as an early  
 liaison with the film community last  
 September when the Japanese arrived



to scout locations. "It's the first Japanese  
 feature to be shot in Canada and it's  
 not a Canadian co-production. It's all  
 Japanese money." The fact that *Virus*  
 decided to shoot here proves that  
 Canada has taken the myth of Holly-  
 wood North and pushed it one step fur-  
 ther, not only receptive to local projects  
 but with arms open to all comers. While  
 Canadian production facilities are as  
 sophisticated as those found anywhere  
 in the world, production costs are sig-  
 nificantly lower. (Studio rentals, for ex-  
 ample, are 40 per cent cheaper than  
 Hollywood's.) Another big "only in Cana-  
 da" plus for producers is the choice of  
 unions representing film production  
 technicians. Because *Virus*' producer,  
 Haruki Kadokawa, is putting up most of  
 the \$15 million himself, he was deter-  
 mined to shoot the film his way—with a  
 familiar first-unit crew that is entirely  
 Japanese. When the International Al-  
 liance of Theatrical Stage Employees  
 (IATSE) was asked to provide 200 or more  
 Canadian crew members to stand out  
 production, the Japanese were told "the  
 go" unless they were prepared to hire  
 an on-site (one Canadian crew member  
 for each Japanese) 27 Kadokawa had  
 been filming in the United States he  
 would have been forced to comply—  
 IATSE is the only film production union  
 in the United States. Canada's alterna-  
 tive—the Association of Canadian Film  
 Craftpeople, which broke 1959's  
 stronghold on the industry since 18  
 months ago—grudgingly provided most  
 of *Virus*' Canadian crew.

With that problem solved, Kadokawa  
 went on to film a Canadian cast of more  
 than 36 actors. As well as employing a  
 healthy number of people in the five  
 months it has been here, *Virus* has pro-  
 vided a valuable lesson in East-West re-  
 lations. Director Kenji Fukasaku (Thou,  
 There, There) speaks no English. Most

Comments: Japan was happy to let us

## THE 1 BIG REASON TO BRITRAIL THRU BRITAIN. IT SAVES YOU MONEY.

But then, there are many other exciting reasons.  
 From Plymouth Hoe to the Highlands of Scotland – and  
 hundreds of interesting places in between – a BritRail Pass  
 will take you to every corner of Britain.

Unlimited Economy train travel from 7 days for  
 \$96 to one month for \$225. Or unlimited First Class train  
 travel from 7 days for \$140 to one month for \$299. On  
 fast, frequent, comfortable trains – crack inter-city  
 expresses or easy-going locals – the relaxing way to meet  
 the British themselves.

If you're over 65, our Senior Citizen Pass will let  
 you travel First Class at Economy prices. If you're under  
 26, our Youthpass gives you unlimited Economy travel  
 – 7 days, \$85. 14 days, \$130. 21 days, \$165. One  
 month, \$195.

Seeing the Continent first? Top Europe off with  
 Britain – on our Seapass. For only \$26 more than your  
 BritRail Pass, it will bring you cross-Channel from 7 ports  
 – Cherbourg to the Hook of Holland. Seapass works in  
 reverse, too – from Britain to the Continent.

BritRail Passes must be bought here before you go, so get  
 yours free from your  
 Travel Agent. Send for a  
 copy of "BritRail's  
 Best of Britain," by  
 Margaret Zellers, best-  
 selling author of the  
 famous *Fodor's*  
*Sightseeing Guide to*  
*Europe – Exploring Off*  
*the Beaten Path.*

BRITRAIL TRAVEL INTERNATIONAL  
 Dept. WC 30 Eglinton Ave. East, Toronto Ont  
 M4P 1G8

Please send me my free copy of "BritRail's Best of  
 Britain."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov \_\_\_\_\_ Postal  
 Code \_\_\_\_\_

## Pocket Paging

The modern business  
 communications tool!

For only pennies a day you can now  
 maintain contact with your office  
 your sales force – your service  
 people. The exclusive Maclean-  
 Hunter Paging network, one of the  
 largest in North America, extends  
 from Windsor to Ottawa – Port  
 Erie to Barrie. One signal covers this  
 entire area. The speed of this new  
 service will put you right ahead of  
 your competitors. Contact us for  
 details on buying  
 or leasing a pager.



MACLEAN-HUNTER  
 COMMUNICATIONS LTD.  
 11 Glenboro Drive, Toronto,  
 Ontario M5W 1G7  
 Tel: (416) 248-8456

## BritRail Travel THE BEST WAY TO THE HEART OF BRITAIN.



## The best selling cognac in the world.



MARTELL · Essence of genius.  
Symbol of perfection.

the arctic including the "stars" (big Bo Svenson, ex-*Gladiator* Chuck Connors, who remembers how many Awards George Kennedy and Bessie King Glenn Ford), speak little Japanese—even though television has installed them the household fixtures in Japan Translators abound And while the language barrier continues to be a problem that slows production considerably, Virus had another problem that nearly halted it forever—the striving for authenticity

Virus is an *On the Beach* derivative that follows the progress of a super-gem as it kills off the world's population leaving its cities intact (a volcanic crew discovers Tokyo empty in this way) The catch with the germ is that it can't flourish in very cold climates—so, for the first time in history, a feature film crew shooting on the frozen continent of Antarctica Authenticity in a disaster film can be dangerous Kodakawa originally planned to transport cast and crew to the land of ice from and depart for three weeks of filming last November Getting there wasn't easy He tried to reserve enough space on a sightseeing no-19 but, fortunately for the film crew, the flight was booked On Nov. 28, while circling Antarctica, it crashed into the side of a volcano killing all 851 aboard Undaunted by this break with death and still determined to shoot in Antarctica, Kodakawa paid \$200,000 to rent a Swedish crane ship, The Leifvold Explorer Everything was going so nicely to could be expected in sub-zero weather until the day before Christmas when the ship's captain plotted a last-minute shortcut of 250 nautical miles through the Gerlache Strait His charts showed a depth of 216 feet but his charts were wrong At noon the ship slammed into a reef knocking holes in its hull, and there it sat like a great beaked whale until help arrived 17 hours later The disaster cost Kodakawa \$500,000 in lost shooting time "We've been in a shipwreck but everybody is alive," he shrugged "Had we been on that plane, we'd all be dead"

Some 2½ months later the disaster film that would have been a disaster in flooding production safely ensconced in Kilmarnock, without even a touch of the usual Canadian snow and ice (let alone icebergs) to contend with When the film is released in June, it will have a number of "firsts" and "mosts" attached to it the most financially ambitious film project ever to come out of Japan, the first feature film shot in Antarctica, the first Japanese film shot in Canada And the first false alibi survival is actually have survivors for its Japanese premiere Kodakawa plans to call his movie *Antarctica Day* Barbara Matthews, with film from Alan Markfield



**F**resh. Bright. Leading you to a rewarding experience. And that's what we promise at CKEY, too. Good music, nice people and solid news. A great all 'round radio station.

Follow the rainbow to easy listening radio. We think you'll agree that it's as good as gold.





**A deluxe escorted tour exclusively available from Chatelaine!**



# Chatelaine's Holiday in Greece 1980

**15 Days  
14 Nights**

**Fly & cruise holiday includes:**

- 4 day luxury cruise aboard the M.T.S. Stella Oceanis. Visiting the fabled islands of SANTORINI, CRETE, RHODES, MYKONOS, HYDRA and legendary EPHEBUS.
- 3 day escorted tour of Classical Greece. The ancient ruins of EPIDAUROS, MYCENAE, OLYMPIA, DELPHI and CORINTH.
- 2 days in Athens and the Acropolis
- 5 days holidaying on the fabulous island of CORFU

**Your choice of 7 departures:**

- ☐ April 4
- ☐ April 25
- ☐ May 9
- ☐ May 23
- ☐ June 13
- ☐ September 3
- ☐ September 19



## Check these features:

- ☒ Scheduled airline flights.
- ☒ All taxes and gratuities on included services.
- ☒ 5 shore excursions included.
- ☒ Full breakfast and dinner daily.
- ☒ 8 lunches also included.
- ☒ 16 departure cities across Canada.

## Your Chatelaine Holiday in Greece 1980 includes:

- Departure flights from 16 major cities across Canada and return.
- Transatlantic economy group fare to Athens, including all flight meals.
- The wonders of ATHENS and the Acropolis — shop, sightsee, dine.
- 2 nights at the Athens Wilson Hotel, centrally located.
- Air-conditioned motorcoach tour of ancient Athens.
- Dinner and evening entertainment in the Plaka area.

- Time at leisure for shopping or browsing.
- Luxury cruise of the glorious Aegean aboard the M.T.S. Stella Oceanis, visiting 5 Greek islands and mainland Turkey.
- Fully air-conditioned outside double staterooms with roomy lower beds and private lockers.
- Exciting sightseeing tours of spectacular SANTORINI (last remnant of Atlantis), MIKASSA CRETE, and the palace of Knossos.
- Beautiful RHODES, the island of ruins, legendary EPHEBUS, and the fabled Temple of Artemis (Daphn).
- Visits to picturesque HYDRA, historic artist's playground and miniature MYRINOS, the Capital of the Aegean.
- All meals every day, deck chairs, swimming pool, entertainment.

- The classical history of ancient Greece.
- 1 night at the Xena Hotel Naxos or similar, 2 nights at the Amelio Hotel in Mykonos and Delphi.
- Private air-conditioned motorcoach tour of classical Greece with visits to Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Pelopon, Delphi and Olympia. Lunches included every day.
- Relaxation and fabulous scenery on the lovely island of CORFU.
- Return flight ATHENS/CORFU/ATHENS.
- 5 nights at the beautiful Corfu Hilton.
- Morning sightseeing tour of Corfu City with visits to the Aquilino Palace, Kanoni, the Archaeological Museum and the colorful old quarters of the city.
- All day sightseeing tour to scenic Sidi and Paleokastritis.
- A visit to "The Village" to sample traditional food, wine, entertainment and local customs.
- All transfers, portage, departure taxes, port fees and gratuities on included services.
- Travel wallet, flight log and full social schedule.

**AND ALL BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS EVERY DAY.**

Chatelaine travel arrangements by Galileo is fully insured. Transatlantic motorcoach tours to Athens and in Greece by Olympic Airways.

**Complete cost of Chatelaine's Holiday in Greece 1980: From: \$2,518\***

The price includes everything including all taxes and gratuities on included services or bus fares. Price shown is based on two fares, accommodation and meals as of November 1, 1979 and may be subject to change. Single occupancy single or single supplements also available. \*PRICES VARY ACCORDING TO POINT OF DEPARTURE.

**Send today for free color brochure including full details, prices from 16 departure points and day-by-day itinerary.**



Chatelaine's Holiday in Greece 1980. All departure points shown. Contact 1-800-547-5477. Please send me the brochure by mail or direct to Chatelaine's nearest office in my area.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Country \_\_\_\_\_

# SQUEEZING THE MIDDLE CLASS

By Val Floss

Joe Kowal, a Winnipeg ambulance driver, and his 15-year-old wife, Daphne, are afraid they're losing the race with the cost of living. They're not an extravagant pair; they do enjoy the odd martini, or an ordered-in pizza while watching *M\*A\*S\*H*, but that's about it. They're not lazy. Joe's shifts mean that often he won his with only at the front door, on his way to work, as he returns from it. When they married a year and a half ago, the Kowals met reasonably expected that their joint net income of \$21,000 would enable them to buy a house. But they're still camping in a one-bedroom flat in a subdivided old house and still saving frantically toward a down payment that seems ever more distant and unreal.

"It's a treadmill," says Joe. "The longer we wait, the more interest rates and housing prices rise." They'd need two incomes to carry a mortgage, and that means a tough decision: a house, or a family? With the cost of their modest lifestyle rising by an inflationary 10 per cent a year, and Joe's salary increase this year in real terms a meagre 3 per cent, the Kowals will probably have to make do with their "varro-gate child"—the family dog, O'Hara.

The Kowals' dilemma is typical of the 40 per cent of the Canadian population that clusters in the middle class—the 10 million individuals whose household incomes range between \$13,900 and \$28,000 a year. They are by no means poor. But the things they were taught to expect that middle-class people could and should do—buy a house, raise a family, improve their standard of living—are eluding their grasp. Their goals are becoming teases, their incentives, lies.

Throughout the inflationary 1970s



about two-thirds of the nation's job.

Although it's hard to wrap for the beefed bourgeoisie when the number of officially defined "poor" is growing (in the past five years alone, more than 10,000 Canadian households have joined the ranks of the poor), one should nevertheless worry about the effect their diminishing standard of living will have on the economy and the Great North American Dream. That Dream—everyone is comfortable, there is a chicken in every pot and a car in every garage—is so compelling, that a majority of Canadians (65 per cent, or 50 per cent more than the number who actually fit the income definition) told a recent poll that they considered themselves "Middle Class." Middle-class aspirations are this culture's standard reference. George Bernard Shaw, himself the son of a modest singing teacher, has listed these aspirations with increasing precision to be "a moderately honest man, with a moderately faithful wife, moderate drapers both, in a moderately healthy house."

Shaw's list smacks of boiled potatoes and mediocrity. And historically, middle-class pretensions have been the vital source of banger for progress for decent planning, mass-marketed fresh vegetables and exceptional jobs, for public education and broader definitions of justice. Middle-class comforts have been the life strings for the soaring imaginations of entrepreneurs, revolutionaries and innovators. And more importantly they have been the source of political stability.

Now these more than moderate contributions of Shaw's middle-classes are threatened. The property owner's traditional stake in community and order is undermined simply because it's harder to be a property owner. Trad-

itional thrift and the work ethic itself are becoming obsolete. So is the traditional family, as more family members work to support the various middle-class life (one child American statistic: a third of middle-income families depend on three or more contributors). "Middle-class dreams are being shattered," says Montreal economist Dian Cohen. "There are a lot of psychically depressed people out there." Joe Kowal's response is in this question: "When the middle-class stagnates, when working people feel they're losing ground, what's going to happen to the country?"

Probably the biggest frustration

at rising interest rates, to which potential home-buyers are reacting so cautiously that their behavior contradicts economic basic law. People want houses, and supply is short. But in some areas, for example, in Mississauga, Ontario, prices are actually dropping. Peering future interest rate increases, people won't buy. Worse, says Joe McRoberts, an anti-class activist, in Hamilton they are actually abandoning houses they've already paid years of mortgage on because of the big increases in interest rates and taxes. In this context, it's not surprising that the housing industry is looking at its worst

Unaffected individuals and single parents face increasing difficulty in keeping their households above the poverty line. The average Canadian family has shrunk noticeably in the past decade. Regina assistant Bob King and his wife, Linda, are lucky. They can afford to be both home owners and parents. But they have jokingly nicknamed their three-year-old "the \$40,000 kid"; that's what she has cost them in terms of income forfeited so far by Linda, once government clerk, now a stay-at-home mother.

And still there are two-income families who can't afford to own a home. Pierre D'Amour, a Canadian Labor



blocking the progress of the middle class is home ownership. Once, crossing the threshold of one's own owned home was a symbolic confirmation of middle-class status. Now, according to the October, 1979, Royal Trust Survey of Canadian home prices, a three-bedroom, five to eight-year-old bungalow costs \$45,000 (a 10 per cent drop from February, 1979), \$54,000 in Winnipeg (up 7.5 per cent) and a painful \$125,000 in Calgary (up 9.5 per cent). Politicians, recognizing the obstacle such prices present, and recognizing too how central home ownership is to the middle-class sense of well-being, have dreamed up a wonderland of aid schemes—the federal Progressive Conservatives' mortgage deductibility and the B.C. government's mortgage supplement schemes being only the latest.

The Kowals are perking harder, sweating more in a decade. So far, middle-class Canada has coped by entering more of its members in the income overtake: the outliving of more than one million wives in the work force in the past decade is one of those major social changes which, though not totally attributable to housing hunger, is certainly not unrelated to it. McRoberts, recalls: "Twenty-five years ago the rule of thumb used to be a man could afford a house if he had a one-third down payment and could spare a quarter of his wages. Now the down payment's only 10 per cent, but it takes two to carry the debt load."

As more have become mortgage borrowers, society has had to adjust. There's tighter competition for jobs

Congress public relations representative, and his journalist wife, Françoise, gave up home-owning in the Ottawa-Hull area last March. "We're renting for the foreseeable future," states D'Amour flatly. "I got kind of emotional knowing I'll never be able to own a piece of land. Homebody is chewing me out of my own. If we have a child, he'll never have a backpack with a rubber tire hanging from a tree. He'll never have a sense of what's his."

By definition, the middle class needs a sense of what is theirs. So, where they are assigned to renting, they must pursue the bourgeois black gold, ownership, in other pastures. More Canadians own luxury homes than ever before. Seventy-two per cent of households have color tv, 78 per cent record players, 79 per cent cars. "It's an investment," is the



common man's slight defense for spending money on large amounts of gold—seen millions, VISA cards, 3% rubber Master Charge cards and a gaily high \$10.4-billion outstanding consumer credit bill. Yet in spite of interest charges soon to rise as high as 11 per cent, some sophisticated are even borrowing in order to save. Len Tender, manager with Bantini's Sherwood Credit Union, reports clients borrow to buy gold or to build up assets before the end of the February deduction deadline. The thriftless new middle-class money man is summed up by Nova Scotia teacher Bob Penhock. "Why save for a rainy day when what we're experiencing is a constant drizzle?"

Out of the stupor of anxiety and dented feelings, a sharpened cynicism is taking the lead. An economist Dean Cohen puts it, "The rules we learned as kids, about getting on in life, seem fraudulent." A startling casualty is the Protestant work ethic. "I was working half the year for the government," complains Vancouver's Dietmar Zell, "paying 50 per cent of my income in taxes." So, like years ago, aged 47, he quit his job as a skilled electrical estimator for contractor firms and now lives off investments. "Why bother?" he asks.

The institutions that used to be bet-



Gold mine (top), the Kluge, George Burnard Shaw. "A sense of what's his"

pressed by bourgeois faith are also undergoing. The public school system is under the heaviest fire. Once public education was the middle class's assurance of social progress, of advancement for their children. But these days the starting salary of an honors BA graduate is 15 per cent below the average industrial wage, universities are contemplating a bleak future of dwindling enrolments, while elementary and high schools are challenged by middle-class defections—between 1971 and 1978, more than 50,000 Canadian schoolchildren enrolled in private schools. The confidence crisis includes the perception that academic standards are declining (in spite of reports from Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta that



students are reading and comprehending as well as ever), and the burden of carrying the brunt of education costs. What it all boils down to is the familiar middle-class concern for money's worth, and the growing conviction that they are not getting theirs.

Another casualty in respect for the law, the "moderate honesty" of Shaw's middle class man is metamorphosing into a plant new morality. One small but disquieting symptom is the increase in petty crime. Paul Bortholmer, chairman of the Royal Council of Canada's Lost Prevention Committee, observes that shoplifters "nine times out of 10 have corks in their pockets. Many are middle-class people and shop-lifters, doctors, TV pilots." They are the people who once felt protected by the law but now feel exploited.

Mr Justice Samuel Grange of the On-

tario Supreme Court says that merely to complain that the rich and the legal-aid-subsidized poor have more access to the courts than the middle-income groups is to state a truism, what Justice Grange even more is the exclusion of middle-income groups from appeal. "Appealing a legal decision has become a dangerous gamble," he says. "If the case is contentious, and you lose will be told to pay costs—well, few people can afford \$50,000. It's worse now."

Politically, too, the middle class has become far more cynical. Sharon Smith, another Hamilton anti-tax activist, used to take her 11-year-old to rallies and meetings where local municipal officials were openly criticized. "Next thing I knew," says Smith, shocked, "my daughter was organizing a walkout from her Grade 8 class because the teacher had upset her. A politician at 13? Worse came when a well-wisher asked Smith's daughter, 'Little girl, do you know what mayors do?' 'Sure,' said the child, 'they rip people off.'"

The middle-class political mood is also more self-interested, volatile, impatient—offered some disturbing implications for Canadian politics. Political scientist John Menzies once suggested that middle- and upper-income groups tended to hold a pan-Canadian as opposed to a narrowly regional perspective, law that's shattered not by immediate concerns. As Saskatchewan's Sylvia Athlone, an activist with the Consumer's Association of Canada, admits, "I used to worry about national unity, now I worry about inflation. The other is a luxury." In the same way, the demands of self-preservation are draining the energies of middle-class goodwill. Amelia Bessette, a Windsor, Ontario, school-board official whose husband has been temporarily laid off by the Ford Motor Co., expresses her dilemma: "I used to be a charitable person, supporting kids' marathons, giving to unions, work and the [Canadian] Cancer Society, but now I can't, I just can't. I felt guilty about it for a while. Now I'm hardened to the point."

One inevitable result of the middle-class upheaval has been growing complaints about their share of the tax burden—an institutional loss of faith which also reflects a deeper shift in values. Says Bob Penhock, the Nova Scotia teacher, "The middle class gets none of the benefits of subsidies for poor and we can't take advantage of the tax shelters of the rich. Yet in a sense we're paying for both."

Vancouver's Fraser Institute has developed a Consumer Tax Index, which includes federal, provincial, municipal and hidden taxes, the index, it claims, has risen more sharply than any other barometer during the average Canadian family. Admittedly, there has been

## GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE GREAT DANE!

Peter Heering has been a Danish sensation since 1948. Here are some exciting ways to enjoy it.

PETER HEERING and Tonic: mix 100 ml in a tall glass, pour 1 part Peter Heering, 2 parts tonic water and the juice of 1/2 lemon.

PETER HEERING and Scotch: over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass, pour 1 part Peter Heering and 1 part Scotch whisky.

AU NATUREL: Chilled straight from the refrigerator or on the rocks, that brings out its delicate flavor and rich bouquet.

**PETER HEERING**  
Exported and bottled in 144 countries

## Help put CJRT • FM on the CN Tower

The long-awaited move of CJRT's transmitter to the CN Tower will be the highlight of 1979-80, our fifth year as a non-profit organization operating a non-commercial, educational radio station. The enthusiastic public support so clearly demonstrated in the past is, more than ever, essential to ensure that we receive from corporations and listeners the \$400,000 necessary to cover the higher costs we are now assuming and to maintain the high standards of programming you have come to expect.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ROOM \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

PROV. \_\_\_\_\_ CODE \_\_\_\_\_

— Help CJRT • FM support CJRT • FM! Please mail this form to CJRT • FM, 200 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ontario M5H 1A7. \*A maximum of \$25 in money will be paid to a donor Member in addition to the \$100 annual membership fee.

AM **91.1** 90 95 100

See the program on page 100 of the 1979-80 CJRT • FM Yearbook.

# CJRT • FM

a decline in taxation's growth rate since 1973. But if the long-term impact of government borrowing is taken into account—i.e., if deficit financing is counted as deferred taxation—this relief is revealed to be, according to the Fraser Institute, a "massive fiscal illusion."

Practically seeking fiscal solvency, workers are shying out of the office to farm queues ("middle-class bread-lines") as they wryly describe themselves to buy and sell gold. Meanwhile, the phenomenal popularity of Mitts and Mitties has been spawned by the saying/thing's-better-than-the-taxman-getting-it motive. They add up to survival tactics, and they can take subversive forms too, such as tax evasion, unrecorded cash transactions and hoarding. The Fraser Institute's director, Michael Walker, estimates that in Canada the unrecorded underground economy is worth in excess of \$18 billion in lost revenue and lost faith.

It is the psychology of expectations that is causing in large part the frustration of the middle class. There was acceptance of the well-being of one's children, the comforts of one's own home and an inside track on future fertility as desirable and attainable goals, there's no dropping out of the race. Eight years ago, Elias O'Brien and his wife, Rose,

left the security of their government and teaching jobs in northern Alberta and went back to the land. They built a two-storey house overlooking Lesser Slave Lake and raised vegetables, ponies and children. "We thought we'd avoid the middle-class rat race," writes Elias, as a wad from the high Arctic seizes his anti-flea bath and flower-child beard. "But there's no escape." So they have bought a small true living business and expect to net between \$25,000 and \$30,000 this year. The O'Briens used to live happily on \$6,000 a year. But now, says Elias, "three times that much, and if you have kids to raise and a truck to repair and fuel, it still slips through your hands."

Though the middle class is falling behind on the treadmill—"We used to live from pay to pay to pay," laughs housewife Sharon Smith, "Now we live from overdraft to overdraft"—surprisingly few of them are dropping out. What's crucial to their very existence is a belief that growth and progress are occurring—whatever incentive of illusory classes these compelling drives are. "The middle class is tired of hearing how bad things are," says politician Allan Gregg, president of Debra Research Ltd. "They know. But they have a high believability in solvability." And so "Cope!" has become the delusional

imperative, and "Can-do" the current cliché.

In Toronto, 15,000 determined "cope" register each year with the Skills Exchange, whose most popular short-run evening and weekend classes include home renovating, auto repairs for the "youngest" beginner and do-it-yourself drivers. In Cape Breton, the household of teacher Michael Milburn has installed a wood-burning stove, which he estimates cuts between \$300 and \$350 off the yearly heating bill. In New Brunswick, free-lance journalist Shirley Bourque and her teacher husband, Raymond, carefully budget their \$22,000 gross income. "We're on a tight five-year plan, just like Russia," laughs Bourque. They have practically cut beef from their diet and eat potatoes, beans and peas from their garden, sharing several hundred dollars off their annual food bill. They keep the thermostat at 19°C, are putting in a wood stove and sew their children's clothes. Still, Bourque believes, "We haven't compromised on our quality of life." Their savings in food and fuel have enabled them to offer their daughter music and evening lessons, and to treat themselves to the occasional concert.

An illuminating insight into what's happening to the ropes of the struggling middle class is provided by



The Bourques (top), Milburns and even shared townhouses, two for the cost had



politician Allan Gregg. He observes: "If people can feel they are making improvements—'maaf' perhaps, in that they are entering more energy, or improving themselves, at night suburban class are status surrogates. Quality of life is being substituted for standard of living." As teacher Bob Pembroke muses, "We seem to be rediscovering that a walk in the park with your family is more satisfying than McDonald's and a massage, that life isn't based on goods alone." If the problem is psychological—a squeeze between aspirations, expectations, personal values and real-world limitations—then psychology must be applied to creating a solution. In times of diminishing buying power, prohibitive housing prices, soaring food costs and waning faith, the tempestuous middle-class hype, deflated perhaps, but necessary, is that if life isn't getting easier, it still could, just possibly, be getting richer.



## TEACHERS

Be a consideration with your students. Consider the news that teachers use a curriculum resource: History Geography English Social Sciences Economics Media Studies. Maclean's makes your subject a current event.

Send your class in the Maclean's In-Class Program. We provide monthly teaching aids (free of charge) and offer special classroom subscription rates.

**Maclean's**  
IN-CLASS PROGRAM

A new approach to education.

For more information, contact:  
S. McLeod  
Manager  
Maclean's Educational Division  
481 University Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7  
(416) 593-5452

In Montréal,  
The Queen "E"  
stands for excellence.



Have a good night  
with Hilton.

The  
Queen  
Elizabeth  
A CN Hotel owned by Hilton Canada

For reservations call your Travel Agent, any Hilton or CN hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.





# Growing up country



COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER  
Directed by Hal Ashby

**I**n country and western singer Loretta Lynn's life was as long as Coal Miner's Daughter, she would be making 80 new. Tracing her life from its Kentucky biblically origins to the time she became firmly enrooted as the queen of country and western music, the movie could have been made by her fans: it's so loving, so detailed, so sweet and yet so careful. But what else can you expect when the subject of a biography is still living and very much in the minds of men?

Coal Miner's Daughter isn't a terrible movie by any stretch, and it has got Slim Spacek's delicate and interesting performance going for it, but it shifts way out of focus way too many times. Is it meant to be a poem to Loretta's hard-wood roots? Or a love story featuring her and her husband, Momo (Timothy Lee Jones)? A tale of how lonely and frightening it can be at the top? A wide-angled look at a C & W? Problem is, it means to be all those things, and in being so it never pays the proper attention to anything, one minute it's this, and the next it's something else.

Like Norma Rae, Coal Miner's Daughter puts us in touch with something a lot of people have lost contact with—plain and simple living, where family is so strong and so inseparable as a big oak tree. That's at the heart of a w, and the first scenes of Coal Miner's Daughter have the feel of an old,

side of Lynn fast. The movie's very funny about that, perhaps it shouldn't have tried to deal with it. Coal Miner's Daughter tries to deal with too much: it's an ad director Ashby decided to concentrate on Loretta's and Momo's marriage at the last minute and had to start looking away at all the rest of the footage to make it work. What happens is that events and characters get abbreviated, notably Beverly D'Angelo who looks and sounds terrific as Loretta's best friend, Patsy Cline. The chattering bulk and forth, the arrested development of many of the ideas gives the movie its dreamy pace. It's all there, yet nothing's there. There's something so sadly disappointing about movies that could have been.

Lawrence O'Toole

## Shredding the ties that don't bind

**D**rop your snobisheth, protest Rest-Of-Canada! Wash the ashes from your faces. Too long have you covered guiltily at the pained wailing of Quebecers over your personal ignorance of the Other Culture. Though English-speaking Canada's reputation is being further enlarged, its conscience should be saved by the National Film Board's harsh (as Quebec's referendum campaign)

Packaged in a rush to beat the spring vote, three French-language films purport to show how English-language writers and journalists distort the reality of Quebec, but the NFB's French division succeeds instead in exposing its own narrow and biased perspective. Though the trilogy, called *Ladies and*

E. P. Taylor, Robeson's distorted portrait



Gratzen, Le Québec, was financed by a \$400,000 special grant from the defunct national unity office, the image it projects only confirms the Toronto newspaper's stereotype of tight-upbeat, anglican, money-wed, materialistic and accessible to the popular torment of poor Quebec.

*Le Joueur du Miroir* (from the book by Richard Robeson) is a large Belgian of fact and fantasy in which the lawyer, commander of Canada's military reserve forces and author of political polemics is exhibited as the quintessential English Canadian. The film is a mildly mocking portrait of the work-shocked Robeson, edited by frolicking bits of a Robesonian Dry scene written by Richard Robeson and starring Richard Robeson as Richard Robeson. A decade ago, such a movie-without-sense might have been excused as experimental, now, the genre has lost its novelty and this *Le Joueur* in Toronto trips over its own triviality. Director Jacques Beaudin managed to spend weeks in Ontario with his subject and still come home with his cliché intact. "I wanted to present a vision of Canadian culture and I could have chosen Akla Tolesha's or Richard Robeson. To me, Robeson is the epitome of a culture."

Montreal's Jewish community feels even worse in the second film, *Le Joueur*, set in Montreal. Wallock, Sophie Wallock was the passionate, intemperate publisher of a free-distribution weekly called *The Shalom* in which she virulently vented her anti-ethnic rage. Though the tabloid's monthly Jewish diaspora of 30,000 has made were just pasty portraits of Wallock's distributer, the NFB somehow doled her sheet was "a mirror of the political climate in Quebec and the evolution of the anglophone community."

With Wallock died in 1978 and director Gilles Blais's posthumous biopic job would merely be necromantic nonsense to an English-speaking audience but, because this sly strip of celluloid is aimed at francophone audiences with English Quebec, it is at least an irresponsible and despicable as the little Jewish newspaper it magnifies beyond reason. The last of the trilogy does attempt a balanced explanation of the divergent coverage of Quebec politics by the English and French media but this worthy film by Jacques Godbout is diminished by its title, *Les Polémiques* (objectivity in dead), and by its association with the trilogy's two bad apples.

The three films are being translated for English distribution, it will be an occasion for anglophone audiences to be reassured that their eyes are not the only ones clouded by cultural estrangement.

David Thomas

**"Our Wiser's De Luxe.**  
We age it 10 full years. That's longer than Canada's two best known whiskies. But we think quality is something you just can't rush."

Our Master Blender,  
Keith Robeson

## Column

# The exciting adventures of Allan in Wonderland

By Allan Fotheringham

**A**s a mild-mannered lad, whose every temper is well-tempered across the land, I seldom complain, as you know. It is not considered proper to rail against progress, since it has brought us to the high state of affluence and pollution we now enjoy, but a malcontent is in order. I have recently turned Luddite, a conversion complex without a freeway to Damascus. There is an artificial bell, above and lacking, that the advent of the silicon chip has made life easier for mankind. It hasn't. Perhaps for computers. Not for me. Not for them.

These rains of heat to the forehead cover in less than a few years. One can recall, post-1945, when it was predicted that the helicopter would revolutionize war, thus letting us do the job in one-man copiers, whereby birds push an every office building—there was a nice Buck Rogers similarity to it. All the helicopters, as we know, became woefully useful for killing large clumps of people in Vietnam. The computer, by contrast, concentrates on killing slugs.

I am no engineer, sir, MacGyver, prophet or prophet. All I know is what I get. Lately my life has been taken over by the computer. It is not a better life for it.

For my sin, due to a cruel employer, I am forced to travel and to surprise. It is now a constant struggle with the unknown to confront a reasonably intelligent representative of the People's Airline who is armed with the device that was to take him into the next century, after-burner. All I want is a ticket.

Instead, I walk and dawdle, with sufficient time to minimize the subject facts of the Liberal party's winning platform. There was a time when my Air Canada clerk, left to his own devices, could get me on a plane. Now, my man

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

concern is that the he/she poses a serious threat to the computer. It is not self-destruction in the punishment of its own freedom, as it punches away at the ineffable machine which spews forth nothing but indifference. I am not that important, really, that a mindless machine takes 20 minutes to count forth assembled incomprehensibilities proving that a reservation, made two weeks ago, is now, has gone awry, now, in the thick of the silicon chips.



I check into hotels. There was a time when I talked to clerks, pretty-faced, bored, gum-chewing—but clerks. Now I find naught but pockets for computer screens. I attempted to check in and out of a Sheraton in Toronto the other day, a process that was more difficult (and slower) than putting through Cheeky Charlie, an experience I did not feel all that pleasant about at the time but now look back on (after last week) with some nostalgia. Like all computers, hotel computers are designed for the benefit of the corporation—not the client. The customer—as it is known in the office—is a cyber, without sex, personality, breathing apparatus or blood.

Try a department store. The phenomenon of pushbutton having to be maintained by a lady merely trying to ring up my Jockey shorts would defeat me of the powers from Star Wars.

There is the matter of the trade I double in. Back when I was young (three

years ago, we still had those funny things called typewriters. Sort of a Gershwin anomaly. As proof that progress is capable of ruining anything that is simple, all high-class modern newspaper men are required to ruin their eyes by making love to some useless contraption called a VDT (Video Display Terminal), which is as tedious as the name sounds, except that it is the electronic version of the Venus flytrap, sometimes short-circuiting out of boredom and eating its own circuitry—including the writer's electromagnetic prose. That is not progress, Daddy.

I lead a simple life, seeking serenity from politicians and avoiding chess, robotic motion officers, but the whole VDT revolution confuses me. I find high-priced colleagues reduced to stenographers, perfectly mastering esoteric motion and avoiding with broken-down systems, rather like the world's most literate telephone. However, it has nothing to do with journalism. Guys who should be grappling with pointed concepts and the vocabulary are obsessed with errantry.

There is the matter of banks, the former province of quill pens and now the repository of red convertible loans. I am forced, because of the above factors, to drop into unknown branches in unapologetic corners such as—the other day—Toronto. Thanks to the computerized state of electronic wizardry, with its befuddled human counterparts, it now takes two weeks to get the hammer on half as much. Banks are the biggest joke of all. The Starfish Freshmen who once ran our uptight banking system have devised something even more baroque and right-sided than they were: a machine that burps Electronic Baptism lines.

It is not to suggest that your complaining serves us the only use to suffer. We all suffer. The computer can make life easier for corporations. That is their sole purpose. They don't care for you and me, fellow Luddites.



# MacMillan Bloedel can reach customers around the world in seconds. Thanks to Teleglob.

From corporate headquarters in British Columbia, MacMillan Bloedel serves customers for pulp, paper, packaging and timber products—customers around the world. Because world markets are highly competitive, they need to act and react in a very timely manner. Their answer—Teleglob's world-wide communications network.



Teleglob provides them with private leased teletypewriter service to the United Kingdom—an efficient and cost-effective method for handling the high volume of communications between their Vancouver and London offices. Via their message distribution centre in London, they are able to access and transmit data to and from dozens of

European centres. It's a system that enables them to keep in constant contact with suppliers, subsidiary companies, shipping agents and customers in nearly every European country. Teleglob's public overseas telecommunications network also gives them direct access via telex and telephone, to associate companies and customers



in the Middle and Far East. MacMillan Bloedel is just one of the Canadian corporations Teleglob helps through its overseas telecommunications network. If you'd like to find out how we can help your company, call our headquarters sales group, collect, at (514) 281-5006. It could be one of the most important sales calls you ever make.



Teleglob  
Canada





# FINALLY. A DIESEL YOU CAN BELIEVE IN AT A PRICE THAT WON'T BOGGLE YOUR MIND.



Long life and dependable performance are making diesel engines quite the rage these days. Unfortunately, many of the cars that come with those diesel engines may not be as durable as you would expect. And those

that do represent a solid investment are usually extremely hard to afford. The six-cylinder Volvo Diesel, however, is built the same way every other Volvo is built. Which means you get the same high levels of comfort,

safety, quality construction and value for the money that have built Volvo's reputation.

So why buy a diesel-powered car that's made too cheaply or priced too high? When you can buy one that's a **VOLVO**.

**VOLVO. THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO DIESEL ENGINES IN OVER 40 YEARS.**